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Adam

V O L U M E 1 N O . 3

**THE
MOST
TALKED ABOUT
MAGAZINE
IN THE
U. S.**



a word from ADAM

WHO BETTER than a glamour photographer himself can select the ADAM style photos? We say none, as we proudly announce the appointment of Hollywood photographer Kurt Reichert as editor-in-full-charge-of-the-photo-bin. The job may seem easy, but it isn't. Unless we can elicit a shout of wow (mental or verbal) from you for each ADAM photo, we will have failed. That's the kind of responsibility weighing on Kurt Reichert's shoulders.

Kurt is a member of the American Society of Magazine Photographers (ASMP), which is more world-wide than its title indicates. Members are to be found in Japan, France, Germany, etc. Kurt will be in touch with all of them. His own professional activities have been reproduced in virtually every national magazine; record albums have used his photographs on the cover. And he's photographed top motion picture stars.

Cover girl is Judy Bamber, recently of Michigan, presently of Hollywood. She likes her men to have: "a sense of humor, intelligence, and above all, honesty. Looks don't matter too much — just as long as they are neat and clean."

Center spread ADAM's EVE is Dane Arden of Denmark, now a citizen of the U.S. and making a tasty contribution to America's Melting Pot.

Dane and Judy's photos by Keith Bernard



Adam



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Adam

VOL. 1 NO. 3

shall we dance?

Dancing was his profession; it was to become something more

BEHIND THE pale blue eyes of 32-year-old Paul Kraft, was uncontrollable greed. A minor partner—twenty percent—in an enterprise he inspired, organized and promoted, Kraft wanted more for himself. The truth is he wanted it all—the whole kit and kaboodle control of the Winston Dancing Studios national chain. What, Kraft asked himself, did Winston contribute to the company besides his famous dancing name? From the beginning, it had been Kraft's idea to go national, sell the method and the famous name. He, Kraft, had organized the system of franchises all over the country, emanating out of New York. Now after ten years, Winston Dancing Studios were operating under expensive franchises in every major city. Kraft claimed the full credit for himself.

The time had come to push Winston out, but how? Jane, Kraft's wife, picked up his own lament and constantly nagged him at home. "Why don't you own the business—you do all the work!"

The buzzer on his desk summoned him. "Yes?" His voice took on silken tones and he composed his face.

"We're ready sir!"

"Thank you, Myra." He walked the length of his office and opened the door connected to the training studio. Before him were twenty well-groomed, healthy-looking men and women. They had eager expectant faces. They wore name tags on their chests. They gave him their attention. Paul gave them his famous smile. He *could* be charming.

Welcome to the Winston Studios, and welcome to New York. You have been carefully selected for our highly specialized training program for very good reasons. You have all shown exceptional management ability. In the ten weeks you will spend with us here in New York, it will be our goal to develop every aspect of that latent ability. We will also polish your

teaching methods to a high finish. You will train new teachers and you will learn all about operating a Winston Studio.

Paul Kraft smiled again. "We must learn right off the bat to keep a friendly, relaxed atmosphere at all times. Our studios are famous for that. You must like the people who come to our studios. You have something they want and need, and they are more than willing to pay for it. Any questions?"

"Fine," he continued, "We will begin with the ten basic steps in the Tango, Myra, if you please." He held out his hand. A statuesque, carefully made-up girl walked over to him quickly.

They embraced closely, yet impersonally. Smoothly, efficiently they danced together. They were good, no doubt about that. Kraft stepped back away from Myra and said to the group,

"Now let me see you do that! Also the variations of the basic step patterns in the left and right turns, the corteo, the gaucho and la-aspas dance figures. Take partners, please."

The men stepped toward the women, embraced them closely and impersonally. It was all professional.

After they had danced for a few moments, Kraft motioned to Myra and she turned the music off. She knew his every gesture and thought; they had been through this routine so many times.

Kraft spoke again. "Each couple separately, please. I want to observe technique. Same pattern. All ready?"

The individual couples went through their dance steps.

He watched them carefully and observed every detail of their effort—not only their dancing, but their dress, confidence, animation, facial expressions, the flow of their body movements. He noticed particularly how masculine the men appeared and how

—turn the page



by JACK HERNDON



DANCE, from page 3

feminine the women. This was his business, his effort and he knew what he wanted and how to get it. To Kraft, these were not just people, but highly trained specialists, extensions of himself in hundreds of studios throughout the country. High gloss and young, with friendly faces. Their full efforts would be concentrated on selling dance courses to the lonely, frightened people who came into the studios.

He stayed with them for three hours and watched their intense practice in the fundamental patterns of all the ballroom dances. Kraft's eyes began to focus on one girl. She was a red head, with clear blue eyes, and flawless skin. She danced with suppressed energy. Her hips were slim and moved with hints of voluptuousness.

Finally he held up his hand; they all stopped and waited. "We'll take a fifteen minute break, then we will reassemble in the conference room."

He walked over to the red head. "I'd like to see you in my office . . . be glanced at the name tag on her breast, "Miss Sally Joyce."

Then he went over to Myra. "Give me the background file on Miss Joyce. I'll be in my office."

Myra placed the Joyce folder on his desk. "Miss Joyce is outside."

"Show her in," Kraft went to the

bar and mixed himself a highball. Miss Joyce walked in, slightly aloof, aware of her beauty. She used it well.

"Like a highball?"

Miss Joyce raised her eyebrows. "Now? During business hours?"

"In this office anything goes," Paul said, smiling.

"I see." She made a mental effort to relax, then said, "I'll have bourbon on the rocks." Her voice took on a musical, intimate quality. This guy is nobody's fool. Watch your step, she thought to herself.

Paul took the drinks over to a comfortable couch and asked her to sit down.

"I have your personal history in this folder, but it would be more interesting to learn all about you from you."

"What would you like to know?"

"How long have you been associated with the Winston Studios?"

"Two years and five months."

"What branch?"

"Chicago, in the downtown Loop."

"Earnings?"

"I was a prize winner six times, and second place four times."

Kraft looked up sharply. "My, My! Such ambition . . ."

She showed him her white teeth, looked him straight in the eyes. He spoke again.

"Why the unusually hard work?"

"I wanted to attract the attention of the National office."

"You've succeeded my dear girl. But why?"

"I want a franchise of my own, but I don't have the money to invest. I thought I would start by becoming a Studio Manager. Save all my money, and then perhaps interest a partner and buy a franchise. It's that simple."

Kraft laughed. "That's the spirit! And such a worthy ambition. How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Are you married?"

"I was, but my husband left me. . ."

There was a long pause. Kraft was trying to piece what he knew about her: her working, ambitions, beauty — but a lost husband.

Paul decided he would take a chance. "It seems so strange."

"What?"

"You're a beautiful, desirable woman, hard-working, sensible. Why would any man walk out on you?"

She said nothing, only a faint smile clung to her lovely mouth. Then she finished the rest of her drink.

"Have another?" Paul asked.

She held up her hand. "Oh no. I get wild with two straight drinks."

Paul came back to what he wanted to know. "Why did your husband leave you?"

"How does that have anything to do with my job with Winston Studios?"

"Nothing. Nothing whatever, I'm just curious."

"He wasn't man enough for me."

Kraft looked at her sharply. She went right on, kept her eyes focused on Paul. "I need lots of loving. Something inside me craves love. I can't seem to get all I want." She took a deep breath bringing her breasts high, tantalizing Kraft.

He felt his palms begin sweating. He didn't expect this kind of answer. He went to his desk, pressed a button. Myra's voice answered, "Yes, Mr. Kraft?"

"When our teacher-managers reassemble in the conference room, give them our Sales Approach Manual; tell them to study the first ten pages and be ready for a quiz on Emotional Sales Technique at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning. Call the Radio City Music Hall and make reservations for all the personnel tonight. Tell them they are to be my theater guests. And Myra, I won't be needing you anymore tonight!"

"Goodnight Mr. Kraft." She clicked off the intercom.

He walked back to the bar, mixed another batch of drinks. He put them

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Jimmie



Photographs by David Mills

margaret empey

OUR MODEL, Margaret Empey (35-23-35) is a true nature lover. She lives on fruits and vegetables, the sun and wind. She picked out these natural primitive settings herself—deep in the San Gabriel Canyons where there are no roads. So, the photographer had to hike two miles with her into the mountains, carrying a heavy press camera, thirty film holders, tripod, and other photo gear. But look at the results! Don't you think it was worth it?

—turn the page





—turn the page







MITCHEL GORDON was a cute tyke of 6, adored by his mother and fawned over by all the ladies of the neighborhood. But the little girls of the neighborhood knew they had to watch out for Mitch if they had any pennies in their pockets. He once pushed 5-year-old Annie Blaine right into a mud puddle and took eight cents away from her. Looking back on the incident, he told his high school buddies, "I wanted the money, and she was smaller."

By the time he was in high school, Mitch learned that he didn't have to be so crude. The girls, with a set of emotions different from those of childhood, sought Mitch and offered favors in return for the company of his rugged good looks and masculine manners. Mitch acknowledged to himself that he was a prized commodity, and any girl who wanted him would pay. So they did—they paid for his

ice cream sodas, hamburgers and the so forth, as well as their own.

Mitch petted well, but he had never been able to quite go the full route. The girls were still more children than adult about sex. And perhaps—he hated to admit this—he was still more boy than man.

So Mitch reached the second year of high school, still a virgin at the age of 16.

He took a summer job as a delivery boy for a neighborhood grocer. One of his best customers was Mrs. Schmitt, friend of his mother and their next door neighbor. He brought her groceries twice weekly, and often catching her in the informal house attire of shorts, Mitch noticed new things about Mrs. Schmitt, shapely legs, nicely padded rump and an immense bosom. He would never dare anything, however, not with her knowing his mother and all.

So he was surprised really when he was helping Mrs. Schmitt one afternoon unload some boxes of groceries in her kitchen. She leaned close and then pressed her body against him, breathing hot on his neck. Mitch could smell beer on her breath, and guessed she was a little tight. He tried to control himself, but he could not conceal a certain reaction which caused him great embarrassment.

"That's all right, kid. I wish my old man was that young again."

One thing led to another and soon Mitch found himself kissing her, and her mouth was moist and warm. Her tongue parted his lips with an expert-

ness that made all his high school stunts nothing but childish fumbblings. He could feel her enormous breast swelling in his hand and he became tremendously excited. She allowed him to fondle her, but when he attempted to lead her off to the bedroom, she held back and protested.

Mitch thought that she was only teasing. She gasped, "No time for the bedroom. My husband'll be home any minute now. Here, I'll show you."

She leaned against the kitchen sink and pulled her dress up around her waist so that Mitch could see that she wore no underclothing. The gleaming whiteness of her thighs surrounding the black patch assailed his eyes and his hand fell to his belt buckle.

"C'mere. Ole Myra don't need no bed. It's just as good this way."

Mitch did as he was told. She surrounded him like an octopus, cursing and moaning.

When it was over, he was vaguely disappointed. The sordidness of the situation became more apparent, now that the physical pleasure had been enjoyed. He looked at her panting like a bitch, and felt disgusted and wanted more than anything else to get out of there. Yet he remained, waiting expectantly. She asked him why and he answered, "You usually give me a quarter tip for bringing the groceries, Mrs. Schmitt."

She laughed, "Why you young squirt. You've just had your tip."

"The hell I have. You got more out of this than I did."

She put her hands on her hips and stopped laughing. "Beat it junior, or mama'll spank."

"Yeah," Mitch said, letting her know that no woman was going to order him around. "Give me my two bits or I'll tell your old man a story."

He left Mrs. Schmitt's kitchen, twenty-five cents wealthier and immeasurably richer in other ways.

Mitch now knew exactly what he was aiming for in a date, and he polished his charms and technique with all the studiousness of one studying for a trade in life. Part and parcel

—turn the page

Mitch was cheap but the girls wanted him badly enough to pay his way; would Betty be different?

Love Money

by H. I. SINGER

LOVE, from page 13

of his approach was to never pay. In high school and college, Mitch was known to be tighter than a two-dollar pair of shoes. He puzzled his comrades; how could he keep getting the girls. One of his "fans" explained, "he's as good in bed as on the dance floor, and this boy is the greatest dancer around."

She added, however, "I sure do pity the girl who marries him. He's the cheapest bastard in the world. He never spends on a girl."

After graduating from college, Mitch pushed his way through one love affair after another. He managed to land a job in a top advertising agency and was doing pretty well for himself. He took money from his female friends strictly for fun.

Mitch went his merry way for a while, and got so he never had to carry more than fifty cents with him when he went out on a date. Then he ran into Betty.

Mitch met her at a company party. He danced with her, holding her tight against him, and threw a swivel hip movement just to test her.

She ground herself right back at him and Mitch smiled. He always liked to know the score before the game. A jerk would wait until the end of the ninth inning.

"Let's dump this madness," he whispered against her ear. "I've got my Thunderbird in the hanger and she's all fueled up."

"I just love to fly," she answered, nuzzling him and almost sinking her teeth into his ear lobe.

"Then leave us depart."

She followed him outside to his red Thunderbird and slid in demurely next to him. Mitch chose red because he wanted the attention of onlookers.

About ten minutes later he parked and lit two cigarettes. There was a bright moon that night. He looked at her breasts which thrust out against the restraining white cloth of her blouse. Damned if he couldn't see the nipples glowing as though they were luminous.

"What are you staring at?" she asked.

"You've got the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen."

As though they had exchanged mental signals, two cigarettes flipped out of the car and she popped into his arms. She kissed him in a way that showed Mitch she knew what she was doing, and Mitch immediately got the idea that she enjoyed it. He went through the Mitch Gordon routine of pressing her bosom and running his hand along her slim legs, but when he started to open the top button of

her blouse, she stopped him.

"Ball game's over," she whispered, and then kissed him once more lightly. When Mitch insisted that they stay a little longer, promising to be a good boy, she gave him a real goin' over. When he drove her home, he was in a deep sweat. He walked her to the door. She wouldn't let him in.

"What's the story?" He asked politely.

"It's time I went to bed."

"That's not a bad idea. I hope you've got a double. It's a little uncomfortable, I mean two in a single bed."

"Good night," she said.

"Wait a minute," Mitch put his arm against the door, blocking her way. "I thought that routine in the car was leading up to something more than a good night kiss."

"You can think whatever you like."

"You sure fooled me. I hate to insist, but it's a long way back home and I can hardly keep my peepers open. Now, you wouldn't want me to fall asleep at the wheel and kill myself, would you?"

"That would be a pity."

"Then how about my sacking in with you tonight? Think of the life you'll save."

"You're breaking my heart," she replied.

"Well, at least you didn't blush. That's always a good sign."

"Listen here, Mitch ole boy," she said, firmly pushing his arm away and walking past him into the doorway. "I never claimed to be a maiden and I'm not pulling any coy act on you. I like you and I like the way you kiss. But I'm just not a first night girl, so why don't you shove off now like a good boy and pick me up tomorrow. And bring your own gas money this time. I don't think I can forgive you for lying about that full tank."

Then she kissed him lightly on the cheek and slammed the door heavily in his face. Mitch thought about kicking the door in, but the wood looked too thick, so he left. At least, the evening was not completely wasted, he reasoned. "I got a full tank of gas out of the deal."

The next evening Mitch planned on a full program. They parked in the halls. She let him slip his hand into her blouse this time but when he attempted to unsnap her brassiere, she halted him again.

"Damn you, Betty."

"Not here," she said. "Thunderbird's just aren't built for it. Let's go to my place."

The Thunderbird took off as though it had a mind of its own.



"Honestly, Mr. Mogoo... I don't understand why you insist on treating me like a child!"

And sure enough, she had a double bed.

"So you're just a second night girl?"

"Complaining?"

"Nope," he answered. They were lying together on the bed and Mitch was smoking one of her cigarettes. He couldn't even begin to remember when he had last bought a pack of his own.

She crawled on top of him and began to poke her fingers into his ribs. He pushed her off, and they played around like that for a couple of minutes. Then he was lying back relaxed, feeling good and Betty was stroking his forehead and making curls in his hair with her fingers.

"Watcha thinking?"

He smiled and kissed her neck and shoulders. He reached over and patted her on the backside.

"You'd never guess."

"Come on and tell."

"All right. I need some money."

"What?"

"No kidding. I'm kind of short this week. How about lending me a few ducats."

"Oh god," she laughed, "do you have character?"

She got out of bed ignoring her nudity and walked over to the dresser for her purse. She threw a few bills at him.

"You know darling," Betty said, "this almost makes me feel like I've been bundling with a male whore. Someone else might say that I'm paying for you." She added, "But I hope you spend it in the right places."

"Don't worry," he said "I will."

They looked at each other and then she suddenly burst out laughing again. She flopped down beside him on the bed and reached out her arms.

"C'mere you cheap bastard," she said.

* * *

Mitch's affair with Betty lasted far longer than any of the others. They enjoyed each other's company, and Betty never hesitated when he demanded money. She accepted the fact that Mitch was an habitual sponger, but as long as she thought he was worth it she didn't mind his asking, no matter how degraded she may have felt.

They were sitting over a couple of highballs in a club one night and Mitch had asked for money to pay the check, when she said,

"You know Mitch, I've got you all figured out."

"Yeah?"

"Money must be some sort of fetish with you. I mean money you get from a woman. You don't really need it, but by taking it you're trying to prove

something to yourself."

"What's that?"

"You think you're a real he-man because you can get away with this petty business, I mean like asking for money in front of the waiter. Because I let you get away with it you think it proves your power over me and all women in general."

"Is that what you really think?"

"It is."

"Then I guess you want us to break up." He reached over and took one of her cigarettes "Why the hell don't you buy a fresh pack?"

"Oh, for Chris's sake. No, I don't want us to break up. I don't understand it myself, but there is something about you I find awfully hard to resist. Maybe, it's because you're so damn good in the hay I must be insane; you're such a moocher." Then Betty, half-seriously said, "Let's get married and then you can burn your own money."

"That's not such a bad idea," he said, exhaling the smoke through his nose and mouth as he talked "But what for?" What will that give us that we don't already have?"

"How about respectability?"

"Please, baby. Let's not get nauseating."

"Wouldn't you like children? Some little people running around, heirs to

the good name of Gordon?"

"Now you're really sickening. Besides, I'm probably sterile, anyway."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that," Betty smiled. "I was a little late last month, I was more surprised than worried. Now what do you think about that?"

Mitch reached over and took her hand. He looked into her eyes and thought that she was a true beauty. A man could certainly not do better for a good-looking mate.

"I think you're a dumb broad. That's what you get for lying around so long and not doing what you're supposed to. One of these days you'll find yourself really knocked up."

"But don't you think that the purpose of man and woman is to have children and continue the human race?"

Mitch was annoyed, thinking that she was trying to trap him. "If you think that every time I lay you, you're supposed to conceive a little bear, then you've got the wrong slant. Let someone else propagate."

"All right, let's change the subject."

"That's fine with me. What shall we talk about?"

"Let's talk about money."

"My favorite subject."

"I've got a brand new theory."

— turn to page 38





TO NO MAN WAS A WOMAN MORE important than Giacomo Casanova (1725-1798) whose fiery conquests produced a series of true-life adventures beyond the credibility of the wildest fiction. In the latter years of his life when his memory was sharper than his passions, he set down in his memoirs every blessed adventure he had in bed.

As a regular feature, ADAM will bring you the choicest of these vivid accounts. The settings are as varied as his women, for in the course of his 73 years, he passed through Italy, France, Germany, Austria, England, Switzerland, Belgium, Russia, Poland, Spain, Holland and Turkey.

In this particular escapade Casanova is in Genoa, feeling sorry for himself because Rosalie, his last mistress, left him to enter a religious convent. He is about to depart on another journey. He is alone with Rosalie's housekeeper, the pretty and well-bred Veronique who had been asked by her mistress to stay and keep Casanova company.

Now we pick up the narrative in Casanova's own words...

* * *

Her mother came while we were still at the table. She was astounded at the honor I showed her daughter, and she overwhelmed me with thanks.

"You owe no gratitude," said I to her; "your daughter is clever, good and beautiful."

"Thank the gentleman for his compliment," said the mother, "for you are really stupid and ugly." Then she added, "But how could you have the face to sit at table with the gentleman in a dirty chemise?"

"I should blush, mother, if I thought you were right, but I put a clean one on only two hours ago."

"Madam," said I, "the chemise cannot look white beside your daughter's whiter skin."

This made the mother laugh, and pleased the girl immensely. When the mother told her that she had come to take her back, Veronique said, with a sly smile,

"Perhaps the gentleman won't be pleased at my leaving him twenty-four hours before he is to leave on his trip."

"On the contrary," said I, "I should be very vexed."

"Well, then, she can stay, sir," said the mother, "but for decency's sake I must send her younger sister to sleep with her."

"If you please," I rejoined. And with that I left them.

The thought of Veronique troubled me, as I knew I was taken with her, and what I had to dread was a calculated resistance.

imaginable.

Her shortness of sight made too brilliant a light painful to her, but as she stood before me she seemed to like me looking at her. My gaze fed hungrily on the two little half-spheres which were not yet ripe, but so white as to make me guess how ravishing the rest of her body must be.

My old friend, the marquis came over, and like myself he thought Annette, whom he had never seen before, an astonishing miniature beauty. Taking advantage of his age and high rank, the voluptuous old man dared to pass his hand over her breast, and she who was too respectful to cross my lord, let him do it without making the slightest objection. She was a compound of innocence and coquetry.

The woman who showing little succeeds in making a man want to see more, has accomplished three-fourths of the task of making him fall in love with her. For is love anything else than a kind of curiosity? I think not. What makes me certain is that when the curiosity is satisfied the love disappears.

Love, however, is the strongest kind of curiosity in existence, and I was already curious about Annette.

These girls disturbed me.

The next morning I announced to the household that I was going for a country walk and would not be in till supertime. I walked fast for two hours with the intention of tiring myself, and of thus readjusting the balance between mind and body. I have always found that severe exercise and fresh air are

A singular incident whereby the prodigious Casanova is put in despair

Three in a Bed

by JACQUES CASANOVA

I THOUGHT VERONIQUE prettier than before. Her behavior, now free and now reserved, as the occasion demanded, showed me that she could have played the part of a princess in the best society.

Nevertheless, I was sorry to find I liked her, and my only consolation was that her mother would come and take her away before the day was over. I had adored Rosalie, and my heart still bled at the thought of our parting.

I have never liked eating by myself, so I gave orders for the table to be laid for two, inviting Veronique to join me, for she had some right to expect as much, to say nothing of those rights which her wit and beauty gave her.

The mother came into my room while I was writing, and wished me a pleasant journey, telling me for the second time that she was going to send her daughter Annette. Annette came in the evening, and after kissing my hand respectfully, she ran gaily to kiss her sister.

I wanted to see what she was like, and called for candles, and on their being brought I found she was a blonde of a kind I had never before seen. Her hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes were the color of pale gold, fairer almost than her skin, which was extremely delicate. She was very short-sighted, but her large pale blue eyes were wonderfully beautiful. She had the smallest mouth

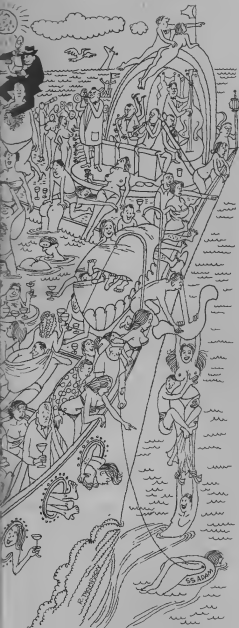
the best cure for any mental perturbation. I had walked for more than three leagues when hunger made me halt.

I felt too tired to walk back to Genoa, so I asked for a carriage; but there was no such thing to be had. The inn-keeper provided me with a sorry nag and a man to guide me. Darkness was coming on, and we had more than six miles to do. Fine rain began to fall when I started and continued all the way, so that I got home by eight o'clock wet to the skin, shivering with cold, dead tired, and in a sore plight from the rough saddle, against which my satin breeches were no protection.

While I was changing my clothes,

—from to page 55





ADAM's tropical frolic

by ROBERT THOMPSON

TRAVELING FOR ADAM photographers does far more than improve their minds. Here again is our photo-flasher at work, this time aboard a cruise in lower hemisphere waters. So while we have our thunder, storm, rain and snow, old photo-flasher is getting his backslides tanned by a hot sun.

The sun is not the only hot thing about this cruise. But these shipboard romances never last, or so the saying goes.

If old photo-flasher doesn't fall overboard, we have another assignment for him—which should be incentive for ADAM readers to have newsstand dealers reserve their copy of the next issue.

Here's something special. You can get this Bob Thompson cartoon to frame if you like. It's printed on a fine grade of paper size 17" x 22". Send one buck (\$1.00) to MADA Distributing Company, Post Office Box No. 46744, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

A three-hour scrimmage was easier than Maxine

FOOTBALL



by PETER LAITIN

CHET HONEY, let's go up in the hills," Josie said in a low voice.

They charged out of the drive-in restaurant lot, horn tooting, answered by at least fifty other horns—triumphant horns, enthusiastic horns! THE FOOTBALL GAME WAS OVER and the winner CRANSTON HIGH!

On the field Chet Connor had been the great All-City, All-State backfield star, playing the final game of his high school career. And for the past season, scouts and representatives of the big colleges have been after him. Chet, flattered by all the attention, was nonetheless trying to be level-headed about his decision. Chet wanted to become a lawyer and was willing to study hard. But he looked forward to this future not just for himself; there was Josie, the girl he loved and would marry someday.

Now he was with Josie, and all else was forgotten. They sighed as Chet stopped the car and they gazed at the breathless vision of a million city lights below them. Nothing could be better than this.

Chet touched Josie's soft blond hair and kissed her lightly on the cheek.

"Oh Chet," she burst, and grabbed Chet and pressed her body against him, squirming with excitement. This surprised Chet who usually led Josie gently as the beginning. She seemed supercharged with emotion.

"Oh Chet. You were so wonderful playing out there today. I'm so proud of you."

She tightened her grip around the back of his neck and buried her face against his. "Chet, darling, hold me tight," she whispered in his ear. She unbuttoned her blouse, and put his hand on her breast. He could feel her hotness, and how she trembled at his touch.

They had never gone beyond a mutual exploration of each other's bodies. Part of it was because Chet cherished Josie's chasteness, the greater reason was that they were both a little afraid. Once Chet had touched her so vigorously that she cried out from the pain and he felt like a beast.

But tonight, Josie wanted something to happen; the sight of Chet's daring on the football field today and the standing ovation he got when he left the game in the final minute made

Josie feel that she wanted to surrender everything she had and deliver it to her hero.

"Oh, you're so strong, so powerful, darling." She lightly put her tongue in his ear.

Chet felt impelled to stop her now. Another minute of this and . . .

"No, Josie, no." He pushed her away.

"Why? We're going to be married someday."

"Josie, there's four years of college and after that three years of law school ahead of me. We can't get married until I've graduated and started practice. Let's be realistic."

"Oh Chet, in our hearts we're already married."

"Please, Josie, I don't even know which college I'm going to. It may be clear across the country. We may not see each other much."

"I thought you were pretty well decided on Benedict. It's only two hours away by plane."

"No, I didn't have a chance to tell you. The Aggie Bulldogs are raising their offer, and want to talk to me about it tonight."

"Oh," said a subdued Josie. "They are so far away and your law school is not rated as high as Benedict's. I want you to be a good lawyer, darling . . . a real good lawyer."

He nodded.

"I'm proud of your brains too," Josie said quietly. "Take me home, Chet."

They drive home in silence. When they reached her house she kissed him quickly and said, "please don't be ashamed of me." She got out of the car herself and ran up the steps to her door. She didn't want Chet to see her tears.

He looked after her, shaken and unhappy. This was a real crisis. They never had one like this before.

When Chet got home he saw a shiny yellow Cadillac Eldorado in front of his house. He went into the house.

"Is that you, Chet?"

"Yes, Dad." He saw his father standing by the fireplace, as tall and strong as Chet. Dad had been a star athlete in his school days too, and in fact had groomed Chet for football ever since Chet was five. Chet liked and admired his father. He had no mother; she had passed away when he

was a baby.

"Son, this is Mr. Bixby, here to talk to you about the Aggies."

"How do you do, sir?" Chet said shaking the big hand of Mr. Bixby. He had heard much about Bixby, one of the wealthiest lawyers in the city. He had a considerable reputation too as a man about town; he was so frequently mentioned in the nightclub columns that one wondered how he ever had time to practice law.

"Chet, I want to invite you to a party at my house right now. Of course, we're going to talk about the Aggies, but that's not nearly so important this minute as my wanting to show you the best time you've ever had in your life."

"I didn't know that you were an Aggie alumnus."

"That I am. Never made the football team. Too light. But I was an all-American student manager. The best Aggie ever had."

Chet smiled at this play-boasting. "Come on, Chet. You can drive the Cad."

Chet looked at the slightly troubled expression on his father's face. All right, dad?

"Go ahead, son. It's time you found out what it means to be a big time college football player."

Chet thought for an instant that that was a strange thing for his father to say, but he passed it off.

"All right, I'm ready. Here, dad, are the keys to Charlie's car. If I get in late, I want to sleep tomorrow morning. He'll call for them."

* * *

The Cad approached the huge estate of Mr. Bixby, Chet at the wheel. He kept mumbling about its smoothness, man, this was real driving he thought.

"Don't worry about the gates, Chet. Keep driving." Chet whistled as the gates automatically opened before him.

"It's done by an electric beam across the road," explained Bixby.

Chet could see that a lively party was already going on. They got out of the car. The sloping green lawn off the road led down into a glass enclosed swimming pool.

"It's warm in there," explained Bixby. "The water and the whole place is heated."

What a layout, thought Chet. He guessed that the girls walking around the pool or lounging on the inflated

—turn to page 59





burlesque backstage





SANDY MARLOW shared billing in the show with Pepper Lee, about as luscious a double feature as one can pray for on any given day.

She admits to enjoying her work on the stage. She likes the sound of the phrase "I am a dancer," when people ask her what she does for a living. Would she like to act? Nothing serious, but it would be great, she thinks, if she can get a chance to be in the movies.

Although that hope is rather average with girls, Sandy's looks and dimensions suggest better-than-average possibilities.



burlesque backstage





ORDINARILY, THE back stage of a burlesque theatre is a seamy sight of unpeeled painting and old furniture—but put into this setting a gal like Pepper Lee, and everything looks great.

No sweet nonsense about this Pepper Lee girl. Scarcely the coy type, she knows exactly what the men want when she's out dancing in front, and she performs accordingly.

She stands 5' 2" and weighs 108 lbs. And the entire bundle is outlined by the figures of 35-22-34.



Photographs by Bill Thomas





tales of SEXUAL horrors

SEX IN ITS most nightmarish and frightful aspects is the hapless lot of Justine, the central character of a book written in France in the latter eighteenth century by the infamous Marquis de Sade. The book has been heard about by many but seen by very few for these reasons: a) public sale is banned in the U.S.; b) the privately printed edition was limited to 250; c) the market price, if you can get one through special channels, is \$75.

ADAM has examined a copy of the "Opus Sadicum," and would like to pass on an evaluation to ADAM readers.

* * *

OR THE MOST PART, "Opus Sadicum," subtitled, "Justine or The Misfortunes of Virtue" is dreary reading. The literary style is florid and some character is always making a long speech (One cad bends Justine's ear with a philosophical justification of Sadism for sixteen pages.) But the overall effect is at once amusing and sad, and well worth talking about.

Justine is every bit as pure as that great American heroine, Sweet Nell. Her modern-day counterparts would be the "Jeepers" and "Gloeyosky" girls, Little Orphan Annie and Little Annie Rooney. Above everything in the whole wide world, Justine believes in virtue (always with a capital V) and its heavenly rewards.

The "Opus" is about her unshakable faith in the completely good life, notwithstanding the terrible events that plague her; and there is a secondary story about her older sister who lives oppositely, choosing to believe that she was born for crime.

Justine is twelve and Juliet fifteen when they are orphaned. They are sent to a convent. When they leave the convent several years later, their paths separate never to meet until an extraordinary coincidence occurs.

For the moment, let us leave Justine and tell you what happens to her older sister, Juliet.

Juliet, 17, finds herself enlisted before she knew what was happening in a whorehouse. Tricked at first, she makes a fast adjustment to her fate, deciding that vice suits her style of living. Having made that clear-cut decision, she plans her future accordingly. First she gets out of the whorehouse by becoming mistress to an old debauched Lord on whom she took extra pains to please when he was a client. He doesn't last too long. In less than four years, she ruins six men, the poorest of whom had an income of 100,000 crowns. At twenty, she obtains a title by marrying the Count of Lorange. He dies in a mysterious

manner, but the Madame of Lorange—as she is now called—seems unperturbed.

Socially, she is respected and, moreover, she is a rich widow. Before she is 26 years old, she has ruined three foreign ambassadors, two bishops, one cardinal, three Knights of Orders of King. To preserve her waistline, she has committed three or four infanticides.

Juliet's current lover is a M. de Corville, a man of great means. The two traveling to check a piece of land he is interested in buying, stop at an inn to rest when they see a frail young girl bound as a criminal and so weak she has to be held up by her guards.

This girl immediately impresses the Madame of Lorange for she had, in the Madame's words: "the loveliest waist in the world, the noblest and most pleasing form. In fact, all the charms, rendered a thousand times still more enticing because of this tender and touching affliction which innocence adds to the features of beauty."

The girl, of course, is the virtuous Justine, but neither sister recognizes the other. The Madame sees this wretched beautiful creature and wants to speak to her; the guards recognizing the high station of the lady, untie the bonds and allow Justine to discourse on her troubles. The guards warn the Madame that this creature is dangerous, that she has been convicted of murder, robbery, and house-burning, and will be executed soon.

Justine tells her story to the sympathetic Juliet. Her name, she says, is Therese, for so many awful things have happened that the poor girl has lost her real name.

* * *

Now, let's pick up the threads of Therese—that is, Justine's—first misadventure. Her first job is not in a whorehouse but as a servant girl in a miserly family whose head is a usurious money lender. He sets the grade for the kind of people the virtuous Therese will attract for the rest of her sweet young life. He

asks her to steal. Naturally, she refuses. So, the scoundrel sends in a complaint to the police that the virtuous Therese is a thief. It's her word against his, and what chance has a helpless fourteen-year-old against a substantial citizen.

She goes to jail. Her jail-mate tells her not to worry because that night someone is going to set the jail on fire and they can escape. They do, although a number of people are burned to death. But her jailmate and four male cohorts don't care. They're free, that's what counts. Therese knows no alternative except to go with them. The men waste no time—aside from a 4-page speech by the band leader—trying to compel the virtuous Therese to submit her pure body to them. She says, no, no, no. It does no good.

One of the various exhausting acts involves two separated chairs. In another, one of the bandits fastens strings to every part of her body, where possible. He sits seven to eight feet away, holding the ends in his hands, and pulls each one. Finally, he pulls all the strings with so much irregularity that she swoons and falls towards him, which is what he wants.

On the next day, she thinks that her fortune is about to change. The bandits capture a young merchant, rob him, and make him stay in the gang on the threat of death. Therese manages to get in some fast words with the victim and explain how they can both get away. They escape. After they are a safe distance away, the young merchant tells Therese to get lost.

Therese says, "But I helped you escape. They were going to kill you." This prompts a swing to her head by the ungrateful young man, and the next thing Therese knows is that she has been thoroughly beaten up and her clothes are all torn. Nearly nude, she conceals herself in a bush when she hears some people coming.

These turn out to be a local count and a male friend. In the clearing before the bush which hides Therese, they engage in a bit of faldernol

—turn the page

HORRORS, from page 27

each other shocking the virtuous Therese right down to her toes. She inadvertently makes some indiscreet sounds after they are through. They discover her and tie her up naked, arms and legs fastened to different trees. They later release her, not before, however, she had a real scare about being killed.

The Count takes her to his castle to become a servant to his aunt. The Count's purpose is to use the virtuous Therese for poisoning the aunt and thereby inherit a fortune. Therese tells all to the aunt, the Count finds out and to teach her a lesson, ties Therese to a tree and causes his dogs to chew her up.

Therese more dead than alive makes it to the home of a good doctor who takes her in and nurses her to a full recovery. In the meanwhile, the virtuous Therese finds out that the aunt was after all successfully murdered by the Count and that she is the one being accused as the poisoner. So she stays with the doctor.

The doctor runs a school for children of both sexes, he prefers his role as a school-master, practicing medicine rather as a hobby. The good doctor, it turns out, is not so good; in fact he's in the same class as the Count and the others. On any excuse,

he likes to whip children. The virtuous Therese objects to his behavior which he considers an ungrateful attitude on her part. So, the doctor brands her with a hot iron and casts her out of his house.

The virtuous Therese walking along the road examines her situation. She says to herself, "Whatever may have been my pains, I still have my innocence." So the victim of the attempts of a few monsters, I could nevertheless still consider myself as being almost in the class of honest girls.

In no time at all, she finds herself in the company of a lady by the name of Armande and a scoundrel who shall be nameless here. Here are Therese's own words of a lovmaking incident among the three.

"He became excited and more ardent, he suddenly bites in six places the fleshy globes that I present to him. I screech and jump forward. He gets up, advances towards me, wreath in his eyes, and asks me if I know what I have asked in disturbing him. I make him a thousand apologies. He seizes me by my bodice on my stomach and tears it off as well as my chemise in less time than it takes me to tell it to you. He ferociously graps my breast and squeezes it. Armande undresses him and there we are, all

three naked.

"For an instant Armande occupies him. He gives her furious slaps with his hand. He kisses her on the mouth, he gnaws her tongue and lips, she screams; sometimes the pain forces involuntary tears from this girl's eyes. He makes her go upon a chair and requires of that same episode which he desired with me. Armande satisfies him, during this last, I slightly whip him with the other, he equally bites Armande."

She escapes that mess and along the road meets an old woman who has a look of suffering and an outstretched palm for help. Therese says in her mind, "Far from the hard heartedness in this world, I know no greater happiness than that of comforting an unfortunate person." Therese takes out her purse to get a coin. The bent old woman suddenly comes to life and snatches the purse, delivers a hard blow to Therese's stomach and runs away.

One would think that the virtuous Therese would have had it by now! But the girl is not by any means through. She sees a young man lying at the side of the road, beaten up by thieves. She holds his head and makes him sip a little "spirituous water." Being still more eager to be useful, she tears one of her chemises to bind his wounds. Therese is touched as the gazes upon the young man and thinks that she has at long last found a soul to link with hers "everlastingly." The young man comes to and reveals his name to be Roland. He possesses a fine castle in the mountains and wants the virtuous Therese to accompany him. A bachelor, Roland hopes his proposal would not "alarm her delicacy," but it should be quite all right since he needs a "subject to wait upon his sister."

So off they go. And what do you think Roland has in store for her? When they arrive at the castle, he leads Therese to a great deep grotto in the yard. Therese peers in and sees four naked chained women turning a heavy wheel. Roland announces, "That's where you'll be put. Ten hours a day at the wheel, six ounces of black bread and a plate of beans. As to your freedom, give it over."

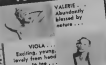
Therese pleads, "But I saved you." He responds, "You came to me because your heart inspired you. Your helping me gave you pleasure. So how the dickens can you pretend that I am obliged to reward you for a pleasure you bestowed on yourself!" Then he adds, "To work, slave, to work."

Roland is a sadistic beast who not

—turn to page 62



VOLUPTUOUS!!



VALERIE...
Abundantly
blessed by
nature...

VIOLA...
Exciting, yummy,
lovely from head
to toe...

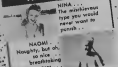
COY!!



CAROL...
A shy, fetching
female with that
come-hither
appeal...

CORINNE...
Beautifully built,
perfect pro-
portions...

NAUGHTY!!



NINA...
The most mis-
tress type you would
never want to
punish...

NAOMI...
Naughty, but oh-
so nice
breakfasting
poses...

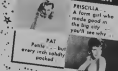
TANTALIZING!!



TESSA...
Gorgeous,
sleazy,
but sexy as a
cat...

TINA...
A vision of
delicate loveliness
... smooth,
supple, sublime...

PROVACATIVE!!



PRISCILLA...
A form girl who
reads good in the
big city -
you'll see why...

PAT...
Pamela... but
every inch seductively
packed...

HAUGHTY!!



HEDY...
High society type
in very rare
form...

WANDA...
Lots of class but
she really let
her hair down...

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curves...

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putting aspec-
tion...

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outdoor type -
real healthy
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Svelte, long-
statured and al-
so delightful to
look at...

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The sweetest
pina you ever
laid eyes on...

LOIS...
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of
you won't want
to stop...

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BILL DODGE, city reporter for The Midland News, was on his way to meet a French girl at the Hotel Edgewood. He checked the mimeographed news release in his coat pocket. It came from the publicity office of the Sapphire publishers and read in part:

"Literary critics will honor the remarkable young French genius, Mademoiselle Maddelon Chateau, author of Europe's current best seller, 'Chère Ami', at the Hotel Edgewood's Embassy room this afternoon at 4:30."

He wondered if she would have an affected snobishness of so many Europeans that Americans have no savoir faire, that American men and women were dolls.

He hoped not. He had read her book and liked it so well he volunteered to review it in the Midland News' Sunday supplement "Chère Ami" was a tale of theatre personages involved in anguished and complicated love affairs. Bill found it hard to believe that the author was only nineteen. How could one so young write so tenderly and perceptively? Lord, he figured, she must have been not more than eighteen when she started her novel.

"I was beginning to think you weren't going to get here, Bill."

derstand certain overtones of the various loves that most American critics missed."

"See Frank, that proves how well I understand the Gallic mind and spirit."

Frank laughed, and introduced Bill to the young Mademoiselle. Instantly, Bill was pleased that he had pleased her with his review. She had a small figure, with a miniature pertness. And though she looked undeniably young—even younger than her nineteen years—her facial features were sensual, two very black eyes, brows that were stylishly tapered like darts, and very red lips. She seemed animated by the cocktail reception.

"Mademoiselle, this is Bill Dodge of The Midland News—the smart one who wrote your best American review."

"Enchante, Monsieur." She extended her hand palm down. Bill gave it a firm grip.

Bill moved in close, wanting to know this young woman better. He, a 34-year-old bachelor, generally did not like women unless they had some sharply outstanding characteristic: he found admirable. He enjoyed dating and the intriguing play and counterplay that he used to steer women into his bedroom. But he couldn't sleep with just any woman; he had to have

no ordinary interest.

She continued, "Now you cannot ask me about love, for example. I have not known nor observed American men in love."

Bill grinned. The people around them, absorbed in other conversations were not paying any attention to them. Bill, more and more, wanted to meet her on his home grounds.

He said, "But how about our food? It seemed to me that your characters were forever talking about food and restaurants."

"Ah, Monsieur Dodge," she replied, shaking her head, "some fine restaurants in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, but everywhere it is so much not nice." She looked regretfully at a sardine canape she held in her hand.

"May I cook for you?"

"You are joking, no?"

"No, let me take you to my apartment, and I will make for you alone *Poulet aux Cepes*."

"Cepes, you can get these in Midland?"

"I have these shipped to me from New York."

"Ah, monsieur. You interest me very much already. But would it not disturb your wife?"

"I am not married, Mademoiselle."

"Sorry, Bill, I have to interrupt you." Frank Hobart had someone else by the elbow to meet the young author. She and Bill exchanged brief glances of despair.

Bill said quickly, "I'll be at the Midland News." She nodded. Bill left.

He had been at his desk for an hour and a half, writing on newspaper half-sheets the several assignments he had that day. He was proofing his story on the Mademoiselle, based largely on a press sheet Frank Hobart prepared, when the telephone rang.

"Dodge speaking."

"Monsieur Dodge, we have finished here and I am finished."

Bill was delighted, since he half-expected her to get tied up in some Sapphire business. Evidently to a French woman alone in America, a gourmet's kitchen must look like an oasis in a desert of generally second-rate American restaurants.

"I will pick you up at the hotel in ten minutes." His thoughts at the moment were concentrated more on the recipe than the mademoiselle. He enjoyed thinking about the preparation of good food. He would have to pick up some chicken at the supermarket. She might like shopping with him amidst typically American huge neat piles of canned goods.

By the time they reached his apartment, Bill and she felt very comfortable with each other. She had been briefly caught in the entry gate at the

—turn the page

The young French authoress piqued his national pride

youth without innocence

by K. ROBERT HOWARD

"Hello, Frank. You know that my tastes in food and women owe first loyalty to the French." Bill was speaking to Frank Hobart, a former reporter on The Midland News who now handled publicity and public relations for Sapphire Publishers.

Frank picked a drink off a passing tray, handed it to Bill, and said, "Follow me," as the two made their way through a tightly packed chattering cocktail mob who came less to honor the French author than to exchange gossip, will free whiskey, and eat the dreary hors d'oeuvres and canapes. Bill always avoided the food.

Frank continued, "Bill, I showed your review to the Mademoiselle, and she was delighted. It seemed you un-

a bond of respect for the fair lady in bed.

"Mademoiselle, I understand that you have already visited New York and the Atlantic Seaboard before this Midland visit. How do you like us?"

"What can I say, Monsieur Dodge, everything is so enormous." Her accent had a piquant upswing on the final syllable of each word.

"How about some general comparisons between this country and France?"

"I must be very careful in my answer, no?" she said archly. She and Bill had been pressed closer together by the growing crowd in the room. In the several moments of this interview, Bill and she were weighing each other, each sensing that this would be

YOUTH, from page 31

market and didn't know what to do. Bill rescued her quickly, and the two had a private joke and an experience to share.

"Oh, Bill, this apartment is charming." She examined pieces of primitive sculpture which Bill had collected.

"Madelon, come here to the kitchen and keep me company while I fix the chicken."

"I did not touch a speck of food after you left, so you must make for me something very good," said Madelon.

"Your confidence flatters me. It won't take too long. Here, drink this."

"What is it?"

"A vodka gimlet."

"I still ask, what is it?"

Bill laughed. "It's vodka wedded in a tasty marriage to West Indian lime juice."

"Tres délicieux, mais oui!"

"When you're through with that, there is more in the shaker." Bill started cutting the chicken on the kitchen board.

"Oh I am so happy I meet you," said Madelon as she suddenly hugged Bill.

Bill, surprised, said, "Hey, I've got a knife in my hand." He had never experienced such an immediate intimate feeling with any girl. She was so completely natural. He felt it proper for him to lay down his knife and kiss her. Her arms tightened around his neck, so he kissed her again, deeply.

"Ah, Bill, you are the first American I have kissed. You are almost as good as a Frenchman."

"Almost?" Bill exploded. "Now listen young lady." Bill poked up his knife and shook it, "you are insulting



"I know who you are—Orin Tupper—and I still don't want to see you again... ever."

my national as well as personal pride when you say that Frenchmen are better than Americans."

Then they both laughed, united in stronger feeling of an intimate private relationship. Bill finished cutting the chicken and sautéed the pieces in the pan. Madelon watched admiringly as he added the dry white wine and brown stock.

"You can cut the French bread," ordered Bill, as he put together a green salad.

"Yes, Bill."

Bill set the dishes on a low table in the living room, and piled up cushions on the floor for seating.

"Oh Bill, what a magnificent idea, eating on the floor, *mais oui!*"

The dinner was perfect.

They satstayed more cushions on the floor, both feeling very content as they reclined and sipped *café noir*.

"Madelon, do you mind if I ask you a very personal question?"

"Ask me, and let me decide whether I shall answer."

"How could you write about love with such knowledge in your book. You're so young!"

She smiled, put down her demitasse, turned over on her side, and pressed her body against Bill's.

She closed her eyes when Bill united his lips with hers and parted them with his tongue. His tongue caressed her lips, her teeth. Then he sucked slightly on either side of her lips.

"What a pleasant kiss, Bill."

"Shall I turn out the lights?"

"No, I like the lights on."

She lay on her back to start contentedly with enormous eyes at the ceiling, and closed them as Bill gently passed his hand over her breasts. Her nostrils flared and she began to breathe heavily. She made no move when Bill began to unbutton her.

His hand wandered over her dress, her body squirmed under his touches.

Then she sat up, clasped Bill and placed her body atop his, one of her thighs burning between his legs. Her kisses seemed like quick hot brands. Her fingers were all over Bill in a network of convulsive shudders.

She was going too fast for Bill. He stopped her. "Here, let me undress you." Bill offered. He finished the unbuttoning, and helped her slip off the dress. She wore no bra, just a thin full length undergarment. She bent and poked it up at the hem and lifted it up over her head. She held it in front of her, while she stood completely naked before Bill. She smiled, then threw the skirt in Bill's face. It was warm with the heat of her body and smelled pleasantly from the perfume of her skin.

She had a slightly mocking expression on her face. Her body appeared so young, so narrow of hip. She walked up to Bill, and stood against him. "You're almost as good," she taunted.

He took a firm grasp of the back of her neck and thrust his tongue so deeply into her mouth that she gasped with surprise. He leaned his naked leg on her thighs; they felt warm. She slipped down to the soft cushions on the floor. While his hands worked deftly on all parts of her body, he moved his tongue along her neck, her ears, her arms. Her breath came more rapidly through open lips and she murmured unintelligible French expressions. A moaning writhing woman had an inflaming effect upon Bill.

He trembled. With all his strength he strained himself against her. She had now the feverish look of love-thirsty women whose wild bodies seem consumed by an ever palpitating ardor. Her hands too were engaged in a prodigious activity of touches.

* * *

Bill put on his shorts and heated up some more *café noir*. He placed the cups on the floor beside her and sat down.

Madelon recited,

"How fast is thy love
How good are thy caresses!
How much better than wine!
These odor pleases me better
than all spices,
Thy lips drop as the honeycomb;
Honey and milk are under my
tongue"

Bill asked, "Original?"

"No, my dear, *Pierre Louys*."

He liked her breasts, they were not ponderously large, rather smallish warm sweet breasts.

She followed his gaze and confessed, "American men seem to prefer such enormous breasts that I should feel inadequate."

"No, they're just right, so properly firm," Bill said encouragingly.

"I like these. When I am alone I play with them, I give them pleasure. I want to kiss them. Kiss them, my dear. Kiss them for me."

Bill did, and a new surge of energy pulsed through Madelon's body. Her quick transfiguration astounded him. She threw her head back over the cushion, and her hair streamed out. There was the fury of a goddess in her body, her whole being was transported in great convulsive movements. Her fingers scratched Bill's back. "Viv, viv," she begged.

When did she discover the true wonders of love? She said at fifteen? Lord, thought Bill, with her unquenchable fires she is going to have material for a full set of encyclopedias.

before she's twenty-one

On another day Bill looked back to this night with amazement. Her arching shivering body knew no limits. Bill could not refuse; he wanted to make her take back the world "almost." He tried out every variation he knew, and in turn learned a few things from this most knowledgeable French girl. After the fourth time, they left the floor and went to his bedroom to continue. Finally, exhausted, he fell asleep. He thought she would too; she gave out a long sob, tore at the bed sheets, and her burning face fell on his neck and she lay quiet.

In the morning Bill awakened and reached across to clasp her hand and join the battle again to make her take back the word "almost."

She had left Bill looked at his watch; it was 8. She must have gotten up very early. Bill felt chagrined that he slept so soundly that he didn't hear her, and worse because he had not made her reconsider her invidious comparison with French men. She did not leave a note. What the hell, Bill said to himself critically, did you expect an ode to Bill Dodge for accomplishments in love?

How dare he compare himself to the men in her novel! They probably actually existed, and she probably drained them all.

He called the hotel and found that she had checked out.

In the newsroom of The Midland, he stopped to look over the morning assignments on the city editor's desk.

"Oh, Bill, Frank Hobart was by with some pictures taken at the French girl's reception, and he left an envelope for you," said the editor.

Bill noticed his name written in a precise continental script. Madelon. He tore open the envelope, read the note and smiled. He said to the puzzled city editor, "Stars and Stripes Forever."

He tucked the note into his pocket and decided he would save it. Madelon, the Mademoiselle Chateaufort had written: "You were fine even asleep. Yes, I tried you, but you didn't know it. What greater test can there be than that, Yoo, Monsieur Bill, are not 'almost'; you are 'better'." And may I add, my dearest, you are definitely to be included in my next book. You will be the American, such a great and strong American."

Bill had no memory of that final test of fire, but he felt that that was irrelevant and accepted the accolade like a proud American, and walked to his desk, whistling, "Stars and Stripes Forever."



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ADAM's Eve

*If you get simple beauty and
naught else
You get about the best thing
God invents.*

—from Fra Lippo Lippi,
ROBERT BROWNING



ADAM's Eve

*If you get simple beauty and
naught else
You get about the best thing
God invents.*

—from Fra Lippo Lippi,
ROBERT BROWNING







Adam's tales

There once was a young, sprightly lad who could make love to two dozen ladies in an hour. A booking agent heard of this feat and offered to put him on the stage to perform to a full house.

The day arrived and the house was jammed. The twenty-four women were all lined up on the stage and out comes this greatest lover of all times. The audience was quiet, not a sound throughout the house. The casanova went to work. He made love to the first ten ladies and then fell to the floor in exhaustion. The manager of the theatre ran out and tried to arouse him. The lover opened his eyes and looked out at the audience and said, "Funny, I can't understand this, I did OK at rehearsal!"

It was back in the good old days and a large troopship had just pulled up to the dock. On board the G.I.'s were yelling to the people on the dock. One G.I. was carrying on a conversation with his wife. He would say "FF," and she would retort vehemently, "EF." This went on for some time, first "EF" and then "FF". Finally a bewildered Joe turned to the G.I. and said, "What the trouble between you two?" "Oh," said the G.I., "she wants to eat first."

Seven days' honeymoon make whole week.

"Dulja hear about the sleepy bride who couldn't stay awake for a second?"

There was a young girl
From Wooster,
Who dreamed a young man
Had seduced her,
She woke with a scare
To find no one there
A bump in the mattress
Had goosed her

Peters was the college's star full-back. But a few days before the BIG GAME he injured his leg in scrimmage, and was told he wouldn't play in THE game of the year. The college paper announced the sad news with this headline—"Team Will Play Without Peters."

The stern dean, however, spotted this bit of college headline writing before it went to press and gave orders to change it or get laced off the paper. The editor changed it, and Saturday morning the paper hit the campus with this headline—"Team Will Play With Peters Out."



This busy executive decided to take up golf as a diversion and one day brought a couple of golf balls into the office. His secretary Linda, who was not the outdoor type had never seen these before and asked her boss what they were. "Why, golf balls of course," he answered. During the following week, he was on the links again and came into the office with another couple of golf balls which he placed on his desk. This time Linda wasn't going to show her ignorance, so she remarked knowingly, "Oh, Mr Seymour, I see you've shot another golf."

Man who argues with wife in daytime won't get peace at night

This is what the guide told a group of tourists when they passed the Sultan's harem. The Sultan kept his harem three miles from where he lived. Every day he sent his manservant to get him a girl. The Sultan lived to be eighty-seven, but the servant died when he was only forty. The moral of the story is this: It's not the woman that kill you, but the running after them.



JOWEY

"Let this be fair warning, Guinevere. If I ever catch a man hiding under your bed, I'll run him through!"

The following advertisement appeared in a physical culture magazine:

"Here's a good test for your stomach muscles. Clasp your hands over your head and place your feet together on the floor. Now bend to the right at the waist as you sit down to the left of your feet. Now by sheer muscular control, haul yourself up, bend to the left and sit down on the floor to the right of your feet. Keep this up and let us know the result."

The first letter received said "Henna"



NEVER, NEVER

Mary had a little dress,
The skirt was split in half,
And every time she took a step,
The boys could see her calf.
Mary had another dress,
The skirt was split in front
But she never wore that one

Gaston had left his lifelong friend, to keep his wife out of other men's arms while he went on a business tour. He trusted him implicitly, but as so often happens in such cases he arrived home unexpectedly and found his friend and wife in the very act that he had asked Alphonse to keep from doing. He upbraided his wife, calling her this and that and the other. Then he gazed with sorrowful eyes at Alphonse: "And you, my friend," he said, "might at least have the courtesy to stop while I'm talking to you"

Man who goes out with flat-chested woman has right to feel low-down



Modena woman put such false front, man never knows what he is up against



The sixty-year-old groom and the twenty-year-old bride attracted raised eyebrows as they checked into the Miami hotel.

Next morning, bright and early, the groom came into the dining room whistling a gay tune, sat down at a table, and ordered bacon and eggs, double portion. The smile on his face and the twinkle in his eyes reflected much happiness.

A few minutes later the young bride trudged slowly into the dining room and seated herself across from her sixty-year-old. Her voice was sad and her face was tired as she ordered toast and coffee.

The groom, his appetite satisfied, excused himself and strolled into the lobby for his morning cigar.

As the waitress approached with the bride's toast and coffee, she said, "Honey, I don't understand it. Here you are a young bride with an old husband, looking like you've encountered a buzz saw."

"That guy," said the bride, "double-crossed me. He told me he saved up for fifty years—and I thought he was talking about money!"

A man appeared at a costumer's and inquired if they had any fig-leaves as he was going to attend a masquerade ball and wanted to appear as Adam. "Certainly," said the clerk getting out a figleaf.

"That won't do," said the man, "I want a much larger one than that."

"All right," said the clerk. "Here is a larger size."

"No, that won't do either. It will have to be a great deal larger than that."

"Well," said the clerk, "here is the largest figleaf we have in the place."

"No," said the man, "even that is not large enough."

"Well, then, I'm sorry," said the clerk, "but that's the largest figleaf we have. I'm afraid you will have to go to the ball disguised as something else."

"That's too bad," replied the man. "I did want to go as Adam. I don't know what to do now—what would you advise me to do?"

"If I were you," replied the clerk, "I would just throw the darn thing over my arm and go as a filling station."



"I like a girl who isn't afraid to take a chance!"

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LOVE, from page 15

"What's this one?"

"Well," she said, finishing her drink and playing with the stick and cubes. "I believe your cheap money habit is just a conditioned reflex."

"A conditioned reflex?"

"Uh huh. That's a theory some Russian scientist thought up. I'm not so dumb. You know, I read that every time he fed his dog, the mutt's salivary glands would act up. And when that happened, he rang a little bell. After a while it got so that he could ring the bell and serve no food and the dog would still spit."

"Was that called a conditioned reflex?"

"Whatever it was called, I think that's your trouble. Maybe when you started on this smooching-from-dames kick, you really were broke. But now, even when you got dough, a woman is like that bell ring. Only when you drool, it's for cash. What do you think about that?"

"I don't know," Mitch answered, taking another of her cigarettes. "I like the first theory better. The one about me having a money fetish. And I don't believe that humans behave like animals in this instance anyway. We're too smart."

"Is that right? Speaking about animals, I seem to remember something

you did last night . . ."

"Okay, okay. Let's beat it now. You didn't get me enough to cover another round of drinks."

Eight months after they started going around together, Betty went up her apartment and moved in with Mitch. It meant that one way or another she also turned over most of her pay check to him.

Betty had no inhibitions, being a naturally passionate young thing, and so their lovemaking was never without an original and exciting flavor. She liked to experiment and was more than willing to meet Mitch half way. She had developed one special habit with Mitch. While Mitch was experiencing that moment of ultimate consummation, Betty would squeeze the back of his neck and whisper huskily, her lips touching his ear, "You cheap bastard." This never failed to amuse Mitch and he often told her that nobody could pronounce the word "bastard," and make it sound so sexy as she could.

But as much as Betty liked Mitch, she decided one day that she would have to teach him a lesson. One day, Mitch asked her for five dollars to wash his Ford.

"Later," she told him.

"What?" He thought that they had settled this arrangement a long time



"Let's slip into this one just for size . . ."



for art's sake





THE HISTORY of Art is the history of great inspiration. Who more than this young lady can be a greater credit to the past traditions of classicism, Dadaism, realism, idealism, impressionism, modernism, and all the rest of it?

No artist has given more of his soul than she in her creativity. No artist can match the lightness of her strokes, the unerring sharpness of her eyes, the balance of her frame.

Well, maybe we might admit *some* artists produce better results. But somehow, her absorption in her canvas seems to supersede all considerations in passing judgment upon her.

Here is one artist who won't need any paintings for a one-man show.





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DANCE, from page 6

down on the table in front of the soft couch. "Well, here's the second round. I like wild women." He smiled. He could be a smooth operator.

She picked up the drink. Her look was challenging. With one long gulp down it went. Paul watched her with a growing excitement.

She lifted her arms and said to him, "Dance with me."

Kraft lifted her to her feet. Her face was beginning to flush. They walked into the training studio. Paul turned on the music. It was a tango.

"Turn out the lights." Her voice had authority.

He turned the lights out, then went to the door and locked it.

She fitted into his arms perfectly. He turned her into a deep dip and she pressed her hips tight against him. He could feel his own hips burning and the music lifted them into a new, wonderful world.

"Wait, there is something I have always wanted to do." She went back into his office.

Paul heard a zipper, then a rustle of cloth. He saw a faint shadow, then she stood in the doorway, completely nude, silhouetted against the light of the office. The outline he saw showed full rounded hips, tapering into a narrow waistline, the unmistakably full ripe breasts. Her thighs were soft, will in shadow.

Paul could feel the back of his neck growing tight, a tiny trickle of sweat dropped down his back. She walked toward him.

"I want to dance the tango like this." A lyrical tinkly laugh came out of her. "Care to join me?"

The music, sensually throbbing in the background began to beat inside his head. He quickly undressed and clasped her in his arms. He was shocked at the heat of her body. They began to dance. It was awkward at first, and he felt a little foolish. But she pressed close to him, following his every move and turn, and finally he got the idea that she really wanted to dance like this. He was intrigued, this was his first experience and he gave it everything he had. It was so different he could easily forget about Jane—his wife. He held her tightly, crushingly, pressing her breasts flat against him. Then in some of the steps, he released her and tantalizingly, softly let their bodies touch again. He could hear her breath getting deeper, and fuller. He himself was reaching a point where this dance would have to end, she again plunged her smoothly rounded hips against his. An electric current pulsed through them.

Suddenly she stopped and grabbed

him and kissed him open-mouthed, hungrily.

Paul felt her quivering down to her toes.

Her breath was hot against his ear. She took his hand and pulled him hurriedly into the office. The lights were too bright, he turned them out. She lay on the couch, waiting, not with love, but with passion. Their dance was only a small beginning of the dance she began on that couch. She seemed possessed by a demon. She made all kinds of sound and movement, deep throaty cries and thrust her hips about with wild fury.

Kraft felt like the star attraction in a bucking bronc rodeo.

She was quiet, breathing regularly. Lingeringly she let her hands roam over his body. Kraft felt like a giant of a man, for in the back of his mind, he knew this was no ordinary, bloodless, and passive creature. She was hot-blooded, aggressive, and demanding, and any man who could meet the challenge of her hips was a man indeed.

His pride was short lived. She began caressing him all over. "More I want more."

With no decision involved of his own, Kraft was again in her grasp, she entwined him in her thighs and arms, possessing him unlike any woman in his experience, including the passionate Jane. She used him like an instrument to satisfy her unfathomable well of desire.

Kraft got up. "Don't leave me," she cried.

"I'm thirsty. I'll be back. He poured himself another drink. The faint light of the bar reflected on his face.

Suddenly, his plan was clear. "I got it?" He knew now how he'd get control of the Winston Studios. He laughed to himself.

He walked back to her. "Here is another drink. Time out."

"No! No more drinks. It takes the edge off my feelings, I want to be alive to everything."

"Haven't you had enough?"

She laughed. "Enough? I'm just beginning. Come, I still got a few tricks up my sleeve!"

The rich, full passion flowed like a raging river between them. Kraft found himself in a quandary. Never had he known a woman of such immense passion. Her body seemed alive, throbbing, aching for more contact, more pressure. He had the body of a young athlete, hard and smooth-muscle. His years of dancing gave him reserves of stamina and power beyond ordinary men, but he had met his match. Finally he pleaded with her, "Let me rest, please just for a

little white . . . please."

"I must tell you, Paul," She used his name with a sure sense of power, "you are a magnificent lover. You should be proud of your body. You have made me a happy woman."

"You mean you've had enough?"

"Paul, darling, for me there is no such thing as enough. Let's say for the moment, I am happy."

Kraft lay quietly in the dark. His mind raced ahead to his plan for getting full control of the Winston Studios. The old reprobate, his partner Winston was 10 years his senior—63, and had a tired heart.

"Miss Joyce," he began

"Call me Claudia."

"Claudia, I have a business proposition."

She sighed and said, "What's on your mind?"

"I will provide you with the franchise for any Winston Studio in any city in the country. Outside of New York, of course."

"Paul you don't have to buy me, I'm available for you at any time."

"It's not that, Claudia. I need you for business."

"What kind of business?" Her voice sounded flat.

He tried to ease into her part but she was sharp. "Look, you mean you want me to work the old guy over until he drops dead, right?"

"He's got a bad heart, it shouldn't take long."

"You low-life bastard." She laughed.

"What a way to kill a man! Let's eat, I'm hungry. Nothing like a session like this to stir up the appetite."

Paul was pleased she wasn't revolted by his plan.

He took her to the most exclusive restaurant in town. Let her get used to luxuries, he thought.

Two days later, Kraft arranged a party and presented Claudia to Richard Winston. Winston was a well-preserved man, with charming manners and a moving eye. It didn't take long for Claudia to attract his full attention. She was wearing a sheer nylon blouse and a half-bra. Her full, rich bosoms were practically exposed. Her long slim legs and muscular hips were in a tight sheath skirt, showing off her rounded body.

Richard Winston had a way with women. His long experience in dancing gave him a polished attentive veneer. Claudia found him easy to take.

A few days after she met Winston, she called Kraft and told him they were going to Atlantic City for a week's vacation.

He reminded her, "Remember our — turn to page 54

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the COLD FEMALE



Her skin felt strangely cold; she strained for his life-giving warmth

THE CAR SMOOTHLY ate up the road. At last a vacation! Even though it was late September, Phil Barnard was on his way.

He needed this vacation. Doctor's orders. He had been working too hard at his engineering business. Now that he was on the road he wanted to get where he was going quickly. He headed directly for a clear, cool lake in the Canadian Rockies, away from telephones, screeching automobile tires, and pounding rivets.

When darkness flooded the sky he stopped at the first motel and flopped into bed. His dreams were troubled, with mysterious women floating in and out, and when he reached out to touch them they dissolved into mist.

The next day around four in the afternoon he began a slow climb up into the mountains—towards the bright, flashing sun, which was just disappearing into the folds of the harsh, austere mountains. Finally he came to a small remote settlement. He saw a huge, silent lake.

Phil felt a sense of foreboding, as

though the sky and land itself were unhappy. He walked into the General Store.

"Is there a cabin on the lake for rent?"

"Wa-l-l-l I guess we could get you fixed up tho' the season is over. What in heck's name are you doing up here this time of year?"

"I want to relax and fish."

"You'll need a fishing license too. Eight a day is the limit! Any firearms?"

"No firearms. How about some food, too?"

"Got everything you need. Blanket, wood—and oil for the lamps. Gets pretty cold up here! You can just go down the road around the lake, past the Worthington estate for about three miles. That's the cabin. Pretty lonesome up there. Are you expecting company?"

"No, just me. No one else."

"Name's Joshua Emery, in case you need anything else." He busied himself with the gear.

When everything was stowed in the car, Phil drove slowly around the lake,


viewing the natural, eye-filling splendor of the sheer cliffs and the cool, green ominous depths of the volcanic lake.

"Just what I need," he said to himself. "Peace and solitude."

He found the cabin, unpacked his car and prepared a simple, yet filling meal. After a while he made the bed. Before turning in that night, he took a short walk.

The wind sighed through the trees. The moon glowed sharp and bright. The effect was unreal. Just a few days ago he was rushing around Seattle, checking his various construction jobs. Now the strange autumn quiet of the mountains removed him to another world. The birds, too, were hushed into silence. The huge yellow moon hung in the sky filtering an eerie glow through the massive pine trees. He filled his lungs with good, fresh air.

For three full days he enjoyed the fresh sunshine and the hiking and fishing. He didn't see another human being. Towards the end of the third day, some heavy clouds formed on tops of



the mountains. There were some sharp lightning thrusts, and a heavy distant rumble of thunder.

On the fourth day it started to rain, slowly at first, then steadily, with almost cloudburst vigor. More lightning flashed across the sky and thunder rumbled heavier. A little while later the rain let up, then settled down into a light steady drum-beat on the roof tops. He was happy with the change of pace and enjoyed the music of the swishing rain. A cheerful fire blazed in the grate, the sweet odor of pine filled the room. Phil alternated between sleep and wakefulness.

He thought, suddenly, that he heard a knock on the door. It was so faint at first that he wasn't sure he heard anything. He listened closely, and sure enough it came again. He jumped up and opened the door quickly. There stood a young woman, soaked to the skin. She seemed confused, lost, cold. Her lips, he could see, were blue with cold. She tried to speak.

"Please... could... you..."

She started to reel. He grabbed her,

—turn the page

COLD FEMALE, from page 47

and carried her into the cabin. He wrapped her in a blanket.

He put some large logs on the fire, then went to the liquor cabinet, poured a stiff drink and carried it back to the bed. She seemed hardly alive, so quiet, and huddled into the warming blanket. She stared, sat up and took the drink. First she sipped a small portion; then a large gulp, then another, finishing the drink.

Without smiling, she said, "I'm so cold, so terribly cold."

Her voice had a musical but strange quality of being far away.

"You'd better slip out of those wet clothes. I'll get you some warm pajamas."

The rain was still sing-singing on the roof, and the fire with the large logs began dancing higher and sending warming pine-scented air through the room. Plenty to drink and plenty to eat. This was cozy, very cozy.

The girl, cold and wet, was still much in the need of warmth. She was unsmiling as though she had something on her mind. She was unusually pretty—and young, but Phil couldn't tell how young. It didn't matter. He had someone to talk to on a rainy day.

When he came back to the bed with the pajamas, she had managed to remove her dress. He saw at once that

she was a full-breasted, well-filled young woman. She seemed too tired to unhook her bra.

"Here, let me help." He tried to keep the growing excitement out of his voice.

She turned her back to him, he neatly unhooked her bra. But a strange feeling came over him as he touched her body, she was cold, even clammy. But it was only a brief second's thought. He was too occupied with the sight of her.

Her bra fell away, revealing magnificent breasts, large and firm, with round, exciting nipples, still shyly tucked inward from the cold. He yearned to caress her, but refrained. The fact of her unself-conscious removing of her clothing meant something. He didn't know what, but he was unhurried. Let the day, the room, the warming liquor have their proper effect.

She put on the pajamas while Phil enjoyed her well-shaped, curvy body. The lines of sun-tan were very sharply contrasted with the small rounded hip line.

"You rest a while and get yourself warm. I'll cook up some food." Phil felt the muscles in the back of his neck tighten with excitement.

The rain still played a hypnotic song on the roof.

He puttered in the kitchen for a few moments, then came back to the bed.

He heard her murmur, "I'm cold, terribly cold."

He reached over and touched her head. Yes, she was still cold.

"There aren't any more blankets," Phil said. "Maybe, if..."

"Please, can't you do something to make me warmer?" Her voice was pleading, almost desperate.

Phil quickly undressed and climbed into bed and held her close to him.

The first touch of her was shocking. He was nude and his body heat started to rise immediately. He opened her pajama front and pressed himself against her bare breasts. He cradled her in his arms.

They held on to each other, she reaching for his life-giving warmth, needing it, hungrily. He, responding to her, as a virile man, giving himself to her.

Only dimly did he hear thunder and flashes of lightning. The rain began a hard steady downpour on the roof. The fire was glowing cheerfully in the room, and the odor of wet pine cones made a delicious aroma.

A strange magic seemed to permeate the cabin. Hours became moments.

She began to thaw out, slowly, reluctantly it seemed; life flowed back into her body. A pink, healthy color began to spread throughout, and she began to breathe with great gasps, as though she couldn't get enough air into her lungs.

Phil stroked her arms, her neck, touched her lips, then he kissed her on the mouth. It was a slight, probing kiss.

Then they were together as a man and woman, touching and warming each other's bodies—and now they merged their souls in abandonment.

There was never a woman like this, Phil thought, afterwards. She is the perfect partner. The fulfillment of every man's dream. That unknown woman, that vague, murmuring desire, the magnificent body, the rolling, heaving breasts, the undulating belly in heated grasping sexual fire. The dream that every man carries in his innermost heart. Somewhere, somehow, a woman like this will reach out her hand, take him to some secret hideaway, undress for him, and smile, welcoming him to her, and give him the experience of his life, and then disappear into the mists of dreams.

"I don't even know her name," He laughed to himself. "Maybe she's some wood sprite that got lost in the rain."

He got up to look for food. He was hungry.

"Chow time," Phil called to her.

She sat up in bed, filling his eyes with beauty. Then she picked up the pajama top, sprung out of bed, walked over to the fire and warmed herself.



"He claims our marriage license expired at mid-night last night..."

"What a picture!" he thought to himself. "If this is a dream, I don't want to wake up."

When she was fully warmed, she put on the pajama top and came to the table. She looked into his eyes, then smiled.

"Hello."

"Hello, yourself," Phil replied.

Finally Phil spoke. "What's your name?"

She hesitated. It was this soft, shy quality that made his blood run hot, because he knew what she was like in passion.

"Sally Worthington," she said softly.

"What were you doing out in that storm?"

"I live on the other side of the lake. My mother owns some property called 'Paradise Retreat.' I was taking a long hike, and I got caught in the storm and I got lost and I..."

"Yes, what happened?" Phil asked, gently.

"Nothing. Don't ask me any more questions." She seemed suddenly far away, and the lost look came into her eyes.

"Okay, okay. No offense meant. I'm glad you came to this cabin." He found it hard to talk to her. "Eat some more of this canned turkey, it's delicious."

She stood up. "I'd better put my wet clothes in front of the fire. I'll have to wear them when I leave."

Phil felt depressed suddenly. A lovely, almost magical experience was coming to an end. Perhaps not in the next hour, or the next day, but sometime soon it would end—and he knew he would be lonely. He roused himself from these thoughts because even if this was a brief interlude, he wanted to give full attention to its every moment.

"Are we going to see each other again?"

Sally shook her head. "No, we won't. When I leave here, I want to go alone, and I don't want you to try to see me again. Just remember me, and be contented with that, as I will be with you wherever I go."

"Please, I've got to see you again. You can't come into my life, into my bed, and offer me what you did, and just disappear forever. I want to spend more time with you. You must, Sally, you must."

"Please believe me, I would like nothing better. But it is impossible. Utterly impossible." She seemed so sad, so far away.

"But why? Why?" He insisted.

She began to cry, softly at first, but then with huge sobs.

He went to her and held her close. Finally she calmed down. Then she

—turn to page 64

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Photographs by Karl Reichert

**a
date
with
virginia**



MANY AMERICAN males have a favorite imaginative habit of conjuring up naked images of fully dressed women they meet on the streets. One national cartoonist developed an entire style around this favorite penchant. Now, why not try the *reverse* of that Virginia DeLee (36-24-35) in her hillside home.

Her attire is, so to speak, *simple* and informal. She invites you to walk with her about the house and in the garden. It's a good place to live — a place for a quick dip, and if it's cold, it's an invigorating leap into the water followed quickly by a dry-off in front of a brisk fireplace.

Dressed or undressed, Virginia DeLee looks like a girl one would want to visit often.



VIRGINIA is one of the few who can claim to be truly a native of Hollywood. She was born there in January, 1936, which reveals her to be twenty-one. She leans towards the theatrical life, a natural bent inherited from her parents. Father was a magician, mother a wardrobe mistress at one of the motion picture studios.

Drama lessons began at the age of seven, and proved good enough to get her a movie role in "Sister Kenny." She was then nine.

From there she took dancing lessons, though she didn't pursue them far enough for a dancing career. "I will like to dance, pretty much my own way. Nothing professional, but it's fun."

Modeling and Little Theatre groups occupy her major interests today.



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Thank you, Senor



Lolita

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THREE, from page 53

bing the ointment in, and I saw that
she liked it, as did I.

When she had finished I burst out
laughing to hear her ask, in the most
serious way, the pot of ointment still
in her left hand,

"Did I do it right?"

"Oh, admirably, dear Annette. You
are an angel, and I am sure you know
what pleasure you gave me. Can you
come and spend an hour with me?"

"Wait a bit."

She went out and shut the door, and
I waited for her to return, but my pa-
tience being exhausted I opened the
door slightly and saw her undressing
and getting into bed with her sister. I
went back to my room and to bed again,
without losing all hope. I was not dis-
appointed, for in five minutes back she
came, clad in her chemise and walking
on tip-toe.

"Come to my arms, my love, it is
very cold."

"Here I am. My sister is asleep and
suspects nothing, and even if she awoke
the bed is so large that she would not
notice my absence."

"You are a divine creature, and I
love you with all my heart."

"So much the better. I give myself
up to you, do what you like with me,
on the condition that you think of my
sister no more."

"Which will not cost me much. I
promise that I will not think of her."

I found Annette a perfect neophyte.
I spent two hours of delight with this
pretty baby, for she was so small, so
delicate, and so daintily shaped all
over, that I can find no better name for
her. Her docility did not detract from
the piquancy of the pleasure, for she
was voluptuously inclined.

When I rose in the morning she
came to my room with Veronique, and
I was glad to see that while the young-
er sister was radiant with happiness
the elder looked pleasant. I asked how
she was, and she told me that diet and
sleep had completely cured her. "I
have always found them the best rem-
edy for a headache," Annette had also
cured me of the curiosity I had felt
about her. I congratulated myself on
my achievement.

I spent the day in watching the care
with which Veronique and Annette
packed my trunks, for I would not let
any of the other servants help in any
way.

We supped in our usual manner,
discussing only commonplace topics,
but just as I was going to bed, Annette
shook my hand on a way that told me
to prepare for a visit from her. I ad-
mired the natural acuteness of young
girls, who take their degrees in the art
of love with so much ease, and at such

an early age. Annette, almost a child,
knew more than a young man of twenty
five.

She lay down beside me, and after a
moment devoted to love she said that
Veronique was asleep, adding,

"I do believe that you really love my
sister."

I protested, and while we were hav-
ing our conversation, we were surprised
by the sudden appearance of Veronique
with a lighted candle and wearing only
her chemise. She laughed at her sister
to encourage her, and I joined in the
laughter, keeping a firm hold on the
little one for fear of her escaping. Ver-
onique looked ravishing in her scanty
attire, and as she laughed I could not
be angry with her.

However, I said, "You have inter-
rupted our enjoyment and hurt your
sister's feelings; perhaps you will de-
spise her for the future?"

"On the contrary, I shall always love
her."

"Her feelings overcame her, and she
surrendered to me without making any
terms."

"She has more sense than I."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do, really."

"I am astonished and delighted to
hear it, but as it is so, kiss your sister."

At this invitation, Veronique put
down the candle and covered Annette's
beautiful body with kisses. The scene
made me feel very happy.

"Come, Veronique," said I, "you
will die of cold; come and lie down."

I made room for her and soon there
were three of us under the same sheet.
I was in an ecstasy at this group.

"Dearest ones," said I, "you have
played me a pretty trick; was it pre-
meditated?"

"We did not premeditate anything,"
said Veronique. "Now I am in my right
senses, as I have yielded to the feelings
with which you inspired me when I
saw you first, and against which I have
fought too long."

"What you say pleases me extremely."

"Well, forgive me and finish my
punishment by showing that you are
not angry with me."

"How am I to do that?"

"By telling me that you are vexed
no longer, and by continuing to give
my sister proofs of your love."

"I swear to you that so far from be-
ing angry with you, I am very fond of
you; but would you like us to be fond
in your presence?"

"Yes, if you don't mind me."

Feeling excited by voluptuous ex-
pressions, I saw that my part could no longer
be a passive one.

"What do you say," said I to my
blonde, "will you allow your heroic sis-
ter to remain a mere looker-on at our

sweet struggles? Are you not generous enough to let me make her an actress in the drama?"

"No, I confess I do not feel as if I could be so generous tonight, but next night, if you will play the same part, we will change Veronique shall act and I will look on."

"That would be beautifully," said Veronique with some vexation in her manner. "If the gentleman was not going tomorrow morning."

"I will stay, dear Veronique, if only to prove how much I love you."

Veronique resigned herself to the passive part which her younger sister imposed on her, and turning aside she leant her head on her hand, disclosing a breast which would have excited the coldest of men, and bade me to begin my attack on Annette.

It was no hard task she laid upon me, for I was all on fire, and I was certain of pleasing her as long as she looked at me. As Annette was short-sighted, she could not distinguish in the heat of the action which way I was looking, and I succeeded in getting my right hand free, without her noticing me, and I was thus enabled to communicate a pleasure to Veronique as real though not as acute as that enjoyed by her sister.

When the coverlet was disarranged, Veronique took the trouble to replace it, and thus offered me, as if by accident, a new spectacle. She saw how I enjoyed the sight of her charms, and her eyes brightened. At last, full of unsatisfied desire, she showed me all the treasures which nature had given her, just as I had finished with Annette for the fourth time.

She might well think that I was only rehearsing for the following night, and her fancy must have painted her coming joys in the brightest colors. Such at all events were my thoughts, but the fates determined otherwise.

I was in the middle of the seventh act, always slower and more pleasant for the actress than the first two or three, when my manservant Costa came knocking loudly at my door, calling out that the sailing vessel was ready. I was vexed at this untoward incident, got up in a rage, and after telling him to pay the sailing master for the day, as I was not going till the morrow, I went back to bed, no longer, however, in a state to continue the work I began.

My two sweethearts were delighted with me, but we all wanted rest, though the piece should not have finished with an interruption. I wanted to get some amusement out of the interval, and proposed an ablation, which made Annette laugh and which Veronique pronounced to be absolutely necessary. I

—turn the page

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FOOTBALL, from page 21

rubber cushions were showgirls. They all had such a slick look about them. Man! A lot of young guys were there too. He noticed Jim Harlow, a top tackle from Bemis High. The other faces looked familiar too. There wasn't anyone from Cranston.

Bixby introduced him around. There was a lot of back slapping by the girls as well as the boys.

"This is Maxine. She's your baby as of right now," announced Bixby to Chet. Chet beheld the beautiful Maxine who seemed to know everything about men. Her lips were so red, but not makeup red; her hair seemed so extra yellow, but not phony yellow. Man, this girl, thought Chet, knows exactly what to do with her equipment.

"Will you excuse us for five minutes, Maxine?" said Bixby. Bixby led Chet inside the house.

"Beer or a drink? Season's over."

"I'll have a beer, sir."

"Now then, Chet," Bixby put a firm grip on Chet's shoulder and looked at him directly. Chet could feel the strength of his magnetism. "Let's get our business over with before the party. I hear you would like to become a lawyer. I'll see to it that you will be able to go to a good law school after you graduate, all tuition and

living expenses paid. Now, for your freshman year, you'll get five hundred dollars a month."

Chet felt a tingling in his stomach. This Bixby talk was heady stuff.

"When you make the varsity," Bixby went on, "you'll get a thousand a five thousand bonus if you make All-American. And we'll take care of your father too. We know he makes forty-two hundred a year. We'll get him a job at six thousand. A good job in which he can advance."

"Sir, this is too much for me to think about now. Let me kick it around."

"Have you told anyone about which college you're going to?"

"No, but frankly, I've been giving Benedict College a lot of thought. It's close enough that I can come home often to see Dad and Josie."

"Josie? Oh, she's your girl."

Chet realized that this guy Bixby has done a lot of checking up on him.

"All right Chet? No answer tonight just have a lot of fun. There's a locker room next to the pool and pick out any swimming trunk."

Chet quickly undressed and picked out a pair from a dozen or more trunks neatly folded on a shelf. He took a huge bathing towel from a pile, and strolled out to the pool.

—turn the page



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FOOTBALL, from page 59

Maxine grabbed his arm, "Come on, honey; let's go." She dove into the water smoothly. Chet followed.

They raced to the other side of the pool.

She squirted some water on his face. "Hey!", he laughed.

"Like it?"

"It's great. Now I know how the other half lives."

"The best is yet to come. We'll really have a ball."

Chet asked "What do you do, Maxine?"

"Oh, didn't you know? I dance and sing and act, and do things." She said slyly.

After a while, in the locker room Chet talked to the others. They liked the money part of football. "Now we're getting into real big time," some said. One cynic put in, "Get all you can now; once you're signed up you're stuck. All that rah rah stuff is for kids. It's the money that counts today."

Chet started to put on his clothes.

"No, just put on one of these," the boy next to him said and pointed to a pile of robes on a chair. They all walked to the rumpled room. It was furnished with soft lights and soft couches. There was an expensive spread of food, and iced champagne. The short swim made Chet hungry. The girls started coming in too. They were dressed in robes also.

Someone turned on a Hi Fi set. Some couples began dancing. The girls were pretty careless about the robes slipping off their shoulders.

Maxine came over to Chet and filled his glass with champagne. "Go easy, Maxine, I'm not much of a champagne drinker. I can feel it already!"

She bent over, her robe falling away from her body. Chet could see her silken body, her breasts exposed to his startled eyes.

"You'll get used to it, champagne's tops in my book." She made no move to cover her exposed front. Chet let his eyes linger on her incredible body. He saw how smooth and lithe, animal-like she seemed. He wet his lips. She knew he was watching her, drinking in her body with his eyes. She knew that not many men could resist what she was offering. Maxine knew her job, and she knew young inexperienced men. They had to be taken by the hand and shown how to walk into paradise. Slowly she covered herself, her eyes fixed steadily on Chet.

Chet took a long drink. He never felt his mouth so dry. He thought of Josie, and felt a little depressed about their quarrel.

Maxine leaned over and whispered in his ear. "Relax, Chet, we're gonna

have a real wing-ding. You'll see. Here, let me get you more champagne."

Chet felt the rush of blood to his head. He looked around and saw that some of the couples were still dancing, one girl's robe had slipped off exposing her completely, but she didn't seem to mind and neither did her partner who was holding her in a bear-hug. Other couples had already forgotten food, dancing and drink, they were in various positions on the couches, legs and arms intertwined. Chet could hear one girl softly moaning. It was a startling sound to his ear. It seemed like she was in pain, but an ecstatic kind of pain.

Chet began to feel a sense of abandonment, of release. It was like a 105 yard rumbuck he once made; a dodge here, a straight arm there, then suddenly the field was all clear—between him and the goal, there was no one; and he flew to the goal. He felt light-headed, floating.

Maxine came back again and sat on his lap. Then she kissed him. He had never been kissed like that before, it was as though she had swallowed him up. He could feel his heart pounding faster. She then opened Chet's robe and began rubbing her hands up and down his chest and back. She kept giving him tiny little kisses, then she kissed his neck and shoulders. She let her hands linger on his stomach, and suddenly she turned around and locked his body with her legs, her robe falling away from her. Chet was too started to know what to do. Then like a deep sigh of ocean waves breaking onto shore a rush of heated desire hit him. Recklessly he plunged ahead. Maxine tensed up, meeting his boyish thrusting of himself, then she slowly enfolded him in her arms, "Easy, easy now, easy..."

The room was spinning, everything was shut out except for this hypnotic whispering in his ear, the voice repeating over and over, "Easy, easy now, easy..."

Chet couldn't control his body; he seemed to be someone else. He wanted to plunge ahead like a football charge, but he listened to the instructions of Maxine. Suddenly he thought the top of his head had exploded, he saw twinkling lights run up and down the room. A deep, deep groan rushed out of his throat.

Maxine waited until he quieted down. She loved, young athletes. They were so strong, so smooth muscled, so impulsive once they got over their first shyness. All of twenty two; she already was a woman of wide experiences. This was her third Bixby party and she loved them.

"Hey, let's play musical chairs," someone shouted.

"What's that?" mumbled Chet. Maxine explained that it was a test to see how many men would drop out of the game. The man who could go around the circle five times was a champ. Few could, but it was a lot of fun trying. It seemed the girls never got tired. They could play musical chairs all night long, if only the men could too.

Everyone was now nude.

The game began. The girls sat on the boys' laps, then after a while they would do it again.

Chet began to get his eyes into focus. The campaign was wearing off, and he felt completely wrong out, like someone had put him into a rag-beating machine. His whole body ached. This was worse than a three-hour scrimmage with the scrub team. He wanted to leave, to go somewhere and sleep for days.

He didn't know how he was to get home. Mr. Bixby was not around. He sought out Maxine. He looked over the sprawling bodies in the huge living room. Some snoring, others were still whimpering in the throes of erotic wrestling. Finally he found her, curled up half asleep.

"Maxine, wake up, wake up." He whispered urgently in her ear.

"Go away, honey, I wanna sleep. I wanna sleep."

He shook her awake. "It's me, Chet. Look we've gotta get out of here. Wake up."

"Find some place to roost for the night. Nobody's gon' anywhere this time of night."

Chet persisted. Finally she sat up. She shivered a little for the night had grown cold. He found a robe and put it around her shoulders. He found one for himself too. They walked along the hallway of the big house.

They found an unoccupied bedroom. She pulled back the covers and climbed into bed. It was the softest, sweetest bed Chet had ever felt. He pretended she was Josie. They curled into each other arms and fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, Chet opened his eyes. For a moment he didn't remember where he was. Then he heard the bed rustle and saw the bulge in the blankets. His head suddenly felt as if there were twenty men digging with air hammers. For a moment he felt scared.

Maxine rolled over and opened her eyes.

"Hello. Who are you?" There was no surprise in her voice.

— turn to page 63

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HORRORS, from page 28
only practices evil but makes speeches about it.

"I have incessantly felt in evil a sort of attraction which always turned to the profit of my voluptuousness. Crime kindles my lust; the more frightful it is, the more it excites me. One is more inflamed with enjoying a woman he steals from her husband or a girl he takes away from her parents."

He feels transported when he lashes the virtuous Therese with rods. Again, let her tell what happens:

"A shower of strokes fall at once on my fleshy globes (a favorite expression of her's). Being exceedingly animated with the rebounds, skipping the grinding of teeth, the writhing which the pain forces from me, he seizes on the globes with delight, comes to writing out of them, upon my mouth which he ardently kisses, the sensations with which he is agitated."

Therese somehow gets free of the paws and rods of Roland.

In the next scene, she is cut up by a furious husband because she tried to save his wife from him. His plan is to kill by letting her bleed to death, drop by drop.

Then she meets the woman with whom she earlier escaped prison. The woman wants the virtuous Therese to join a poison plot. Therese consents, "heeding here only an eagerness to do good," with a plan that if she can find out who the intended victim is, and she can save him. Which she does. The two fall in love, he proposes marriage; and they run away, but the poor guy is poisoned before the escape unbeknownst to Therese and dies. So the first and only good man Therese meets is taken from her arms.

But the virtuous Therese is undaunted. She sees a house burning and rushing to it sees a child caught in the flames. At great danger to herself, she charges into the blaze after the child, she has the child in her grasp for a moment, but suddenly loses him. Staggering out of the fire, Therese is confronted by the hysterical mother of the child who accuses her of arson and child-murder.

The authorities toss Therese into prison. She is recognized as being the thief who escaped jail, so the charge of robbery is added to those of house-burning and murder. The virtuous Therese sends notes for help to the usurer and various others with whom she had misadventures, believing that these men have a fundamental core of decency which must respond to her present plight.

To one, she cries and pleads,

"Open thy heart to my woeful misfortunes." The violence of her emotions causes the veils on her bosom to fall away and she is bare except for her disheveled hair floating over it. Her tears bedew her skin. The man forgets pity; instead, he knocks her over, throws her on the shabby straw bed, plunges a handkerchief in her mouth, ties her arms, and gluts his desires. He leaves, saying:

"I do not wish to be of service to you. And don't say anything about this, or else I'll really ruin you."

The court convicts Therese and she is being taken under guard to Paris for a confirmation of the sentence, after which she will be returned for execution.

This brings Therese to the end of her life story. The Madame of Lorraine and the M. de Corville are weeping hot tears. The Madame does a double take as she fits in the pieces of Therese's life in the convent and the death of her parents.

"Therese, you're really Justine, my own sweet pure sister!"

The two fall into each other's arms. Don't you believe for one moment that virtue doesn't triumph. The Madame and M. de Corville use the full power of their resources and get freedom for Therese and prison sentences for the sundry soundrels who made life miserable for her.

Therese—that is, Justine—is taken to her sister's castle and recovers the bloom of her youth. All the comforts of the world are hers now.

A few weeks later a great rain and storm assail the countryside. Therese goes to the window to shutter it, when a thunderous flash of lightning blazes the side of the castle and kills Therese.

Some people may think it sad that the virtuous Therese has to die just when life takes a bright turn for her. But others know that Therese is triumphant in heaven, for virtue has its rewards unmeasurable by the mundane standards of men.

Of course the author Marquis de Sade wrote this book as a satire; he was kidding Virtue. Sade—whose name gave rise to the term, "Sadism"—presents in the "Opus Salomon" a brilliant though warped and sophistical argument for libertinism. Part of the intellectual ferment of the French Revolution, M. de Sade missed on his right to do as he pleased. "The most ridiculous thing in the world, no doubt, is to want to dispute about man's tastes, to thwart them, blame or punish them."

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RICHTER'S,

COLD FEMALE, from page 49

kissed him. "You were magnificent, it was all I ever wanted." She kissed him again, hungrily. Then she said: "I want you. Please. Take me, quickly, quickly! Before the rain stops."

"The rain?" He wondered what she meant.

She dropped the pajama tops on the floor. She stood straight and proud, her breasts slightly lifted in becoming challenge to him. He could see the muscles in her thighs quiver slightly.

He took his time, looking her over. A woman with desire, expressed, raw and pleading. His mind had a single moment to remember the frigid woman of his experiences—their cold, unresponsive flesh.

"Sally, you're the most glorious woman I've ever known." His breath began heavy through his teeth.

"I'm glad." She whirled a little from him. He saw her smooth, clean body lines, the lithic grace of youth, the rounded neat hips, the golden blond hair, and noticed that her breasts were no longer shy, but filled out, with rosy pink tips.

"Take me, take me, please! There's not much time left."

Phil lifted his hands to her. She came to him and placed her breasts into his hands.

A tremor came over him. He could feel his whole body come alive, as though it were glowing with some celestial fire, some ancient, long buried passion, and he could forget himself, utterly and completely losing his personal identity in this woman and before another second's delay they were locked together, intertwined, bodies pressed close.

While the rain poured its sing-song beat on the roof, the fire had reduced to glowing embers, and in the very half light in the cabin, he could see her face contorted with agony and passion. As they gave to each other their soul's delight, he saw her lips part slightly with a gasp of an unearthly sound, as though she were dying. Then she tensed and sunk her teeth into his shoulder muscles and bit him, and bit him hard.

Phil fell into a dreamless slumber. When he awoke the sun was shining through the trees and made a light-hearted fresh pattern on the floor of the cabin. Sally was nowhere in sight.

"I dreamed it," he thought instantly to himself. He started to rise, but he yelped with pain. His arm! He looked at it. There, outlined, were a perfect set of teeth marks. It was no dream! He jumped quickly out of bed. And there he saw the remains of the meal on the table.

Where did she go? Why? Who was she really? All these thoughts poured

through him as he dressed quickly. He must find her again. The aroma of pine cones and the dead fire hung in the room, and the strange unearthliness of the mysterious Sally Worthington still permeated Phil's bones.

He drove the three miles to the tiny village and went into the general store. He decided that he would appear casual, easy, without undue alarm.

Mr. Emery greeted him with a grunt. Phil bought a few things, then asked about the Worthington Estate.

"Know anything about a place called 'Paradise Retreat'?"

"What about it?" the old man said.

"I'd like to go over there and visit."

"Why?" the old man asked.

"It gets kinda lonesome in the woods alone. I'm used to company."

"You'd find no company to your liking there, young feller. If I was you, I'd forget about visiting."

It was Phil's turn to ask, "Why?"

"Look my boy, there's only a caretaker and crazy old woman living there. Now what would you want with them?"

Phil hesitated for a moment, then said "What about the young girl, the blond. Her name's Sally."

"How'd you know her name was Sally?"

The old man was acting so strangely.

Before Phil could say anything, the old man said "It's been twenty years to this month when she died. Drowned in the lake it was. A cloudburst came up sudden like, over-turned her boat. Never did find her body though. It was sure a sad thing. Only nineteen years old and all. Too bad she died a virgin."

Instinctively Phil put his hand on his neck. He could feel the back of his neck suddenly stiffen with growing apprehension. His mind inwardly blurted out "No... no. It's not true!"

Phil staggered out of the store.

The proprietor called after him "Y'forget your things."

Phil heard nothing. He walked quickly. His mind remembered. How cold she was, then how they warmed each other's blood, and the hot breath of the woman upon his chest. Those tantalizing saucy breasts, that eager moist mouth—the wildness of her desire. Then her sadness, and disappearance when the sun came up.

No! It was all some crazy dream!

Suddenly his arm ached. He rolled up his sleeve. There burned into his flesh was a perfect set of teeth marks!

"Wherever you are Sally—you didn't die a virgin!" Phil murmured to himself. He walked slowly up the road to his cabin, lonelier than he ever felt in his life.

FOOTBALL, from page 63

acceptable to the best law school in the country. You're welcome to come to my office anytime and examine my law library."

"Thank you, sir," mumbled Chet, as he got into the car. Bixby's house-boy drove him home, this time Chet didn't care to do any driving.

"Hello, Dad."

"Well, how was it?"

"We had a real wild time."

"Enjoy it?"

"Yes and no."

His father didn't press him. "Dad, Bixby made me a fabulous offer," Chet told his Dad what the proposition was.

"What do you want to do, son?"

"I want to play football, and I want to become a lawyer. But I don't like being bought. But this morning I felt like a damn fool. The other guys, they don't mind being bought and fixed up. But I mind."

"Do you really? That's good, son. But the hard facts of life is that people and commodities are always being bought. Sometimes you're not the seller, as you are in this case. Sometimes you're the buyer, and you may have to do things you don't like."

"Gosh, dad, do you approve of the Aggie offer?"

"That's not my point. Wheeling and dealing is part of life. You may not like it, but it's there. And going to Benedict doesn't make you more virtuous."

"Why are you talking like that, dad?"

"Jasie was over last night. We had a long talk."

"Oh Lord, thought Chet. I am the world's worst."

"You know, this Aggie offer can solve your love problem, son. Figure it this way: College football is a job. How can you improve on a setup with a job like that, and college education to boot?"

Chet sat still for a few minutes. He got up and went to the telephone.

"Hello, Mr. Bixby? Yes, this is Chet Connors. I'll accept your offer and the money but here are my terms: find me an apartment for two near the school and give me free rental for four years. And another thing—I'll make everything conditional on my keeping at least a B average in my studies."

Chet heard a roar of approving laughter at the other end. "Okay?" he asked. "Fine, thank you, Mr. Bixby." He put down the phone. "Dad, give me Charlie's keys, now that I have a job I'm going to pick up my fiancée."

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LETTERS to Adam



NEW FAN

In' one word, MORE of everything. A real knockout that Kalantan, and what pictures of her too! I hope you will give more space in future issues to the great snappers stars. Your art photos are out of this world, particularly those close ups. You have some very interesting articles, The Worship of Sex is something everyone should read who wants to be enlightened about this subject. I am a new fan.

Bert Lowe
New York City

KEEP ME HAPPY

ADAM is just great. I may even have it bound. The nudes are fine and the authors of your stories have just what it takes to keep me happy. I assume by the nature of its contents that ADAM was designed by a 'one-shot' promotion. This is sad and regrettable because I would send you a 5 year subscription right now. If you could get a mailing permit, you'd have to tone down the contents and then I wouldn't want a subscription.

Sure, I'll be watching for your next issue, but if it does put in an appearance the nudes will probably be wearing some 'pasties' and there will be less of an accent on uninhibited sex, and will be 'sophisticated' type junk. I've seen this routine before with fifty-cent 'men's' magazines. The sensational first issue is either just a one-shot, or a shell for the subsequent issues which aren't worth two bits, let alone fifty cents. Why not change the name of the mag with each issue?

L. L. Jacobs
San Diego, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: By this time, you know that ADAM is not a one-shot, and the first and second issues are not shills for any subsequent issues. We are here to stay. We are not accepting subscriptions at this time. We suggest that you make arrangements with your news dealer to save you a copy each issue. Our sole purpose is to entertain and provide a few choice feminine morsels in this work-a-day world. Our stories are written specially for ADAM. We will try to keep you and our other readers happy.



BEEF

I think your magazine is dreadful. It's all sex, sex, sex. Can't you men ever think of anything else? I believe the female figure is best portrayed in art, but your point seems to be the stimulation of erotic impulses and not anything lofty or spiritual.

(Miss) Edna Richardson
Mobile, Tenn.

DELIGHTFUL EVE

Oh, oh that delectable, delicious, delectable Eve-of-the-Month in that peach tree. Wouldst that I could share that limb with some wine and a bit of bread. Paradise! Paradise!

John Roark
Denver, Colo.

GREATEST OF ALL

ADAM is so far above the trite and usual, and so much in keeping with man's most important *desires* that it deserves a rating high above the ordinary publications. The wonderfully delightful sketch on page 19 is going to be framed and put on my den wall. My friends will love it. I am eagerly awaiting the next issue. My best to the greatest of all the men's magazines.

George Marquis
Anderson, Ind.

ALL SOLD OUT

Have been a collector of magazines for years, having subscriptions to the best in entertainment for men. A friend of mine showed me the second issue of ADAM... WOW! What a great magazine. After looking at the second issue, I tried my best to obtain a copy of the Collectors' First Edition, and would you believe it, there is not a single copy to be had in all of Chicago! I would like to know if subscriptions to ADAM are available. In my opinion it is worth much more than a half a dollar. Can you send me a list of the dealers in Chicago who will have copies each time ADAM comes out?

Reinhold Hoppe
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sorry that we are unable to accept subscriptions at the present time. But we are doubling our printing order in the future to be certain our readers are able to obtain their copies.



"I'm off to keep my date with ADAM for the next issue. Be seeing you!"



MORE FICTION FEATURES

She liked to experiment page 12

I enjoyed the two sisters page 16

He could feel her hotness page 20

The misfortunes of virtue page 26

Could a Frenchman do better page 30

"Please make me warmer" page 46

He was a dancing pro
but he never tangoed
like this—without
clothes... page 4

PHOTO STORIES

She paints in the nude
page 40

See backstage burlesque
page 22

Lady who likes to be naked
page 7

and many more

The background of the image is a close-up of a woman's face with dark, curly hair, looking slightly to the side with a soft smile. A large, vibrant red heart is positioned behind her head. A thin black line, resembling a film strip or a string, runs diagonally across the frame from the top left towards the bottom right. In the center of the image, the word "VINTAGE" is written in a stylized, blocky font where each letter is contained within a black diamond shape. Below this, the words "Girlie Scans" are written in a flowing, cursive script. To the left of the main text, there is a small circular inset with a teal background, showing a smaller version of the woman's face in a similar pose.

VINTAGE

Girlie Scans